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Maine Farmer.

Apple Jelly.

Hon. Eli B. Bean of Brownfield, having written to a leading farmer in Vermont for information with regard to manufacturing jelly from apples, is referred by him to us. In his note, Mr. Bean informs us that he has in contemplation the manufacture of jelly in connection with drying apples by the new and patent process, called, (and miscalled, too, we think,) evaporation. His purpose doubtless, is to make three assortments of his apples; the first, he will barrel up for eating purposes; the second, he will core, slice and dry in the patent dryer, while the third quality which are usually called cider apples, and are either converted into cider or fed to stock, will be converted into jelly. This third class should include the third class of grafted fruit and the second assortment of native fruit, for while native fruit, as a rule, will not sell well for eating purposes, the best quality of it is worth as much for the dried product as are grafts.

In the manufacture of jelly or "jell" as it is called at the factories, the first requisite is a good cider mill run either by steam or water power. Of course, a horse power will do for manufacturing in a small way, but to make the business profitable, enough cider should be made per day to keep an evaporator at work, and an eighteen feet evaporator will reduce about thirty barrels of cider to jelly in twenty-four hours, and during the season which is short, the process should be carried on night and day. All the cider which is pressed out during the day should be evaporated during the day and night, for the least fermentation of the cider renders it absolutely worthless for the manufacture of jelly. The cider as it is expressed falls into a vat beneath the press. If this vat is higher than the evaporator, the cider can be conducted from it through a small pipe to the evaporator; but if the evaporator is higher than the vat, the liquid must be pumped up into a holder from which it is conveyed as before mentioned. It is more convenient where practicable, to have the building containing the evaporator stand upon lower ground than the one containing the mill and presses, because gravitation will then take the place of the pump and is much cheaper.

Apples to make good jelly must be free from rot, and of course should be clean. The cider, must be filtered through cloths while pressing; that is, the "cheese" is made up of several layers of crushed apples separated by pieces of canvas. This removes all the fine particles of pomace and prevents them from acting on the cider when they are liable to generate fermentation. A few rotten apples will greatly impair the flavor of the jelly and give it a sticky consistency. Fermentation about the grater, vats, presses, racks, cloths or pipes, has the same effect. Therefore everything should be kept sweet and clean. The flavor of the jelly will correspond to that of the apples used. If a sweet jelly is desired it should be made from sweet apples; if medium, then sweet and sour fruit should be mixed together. If all sour apples are used, the jelly will be very tart, though many consumers prefer it so. The finest flavor, and one that suits the majority of people, is produced by mixing about one-third very sweet with two-thirds of very sour apples. It gives a jelly that has character. It is like a pie made from sour apples with plenty of sugar; not liable to that insipidity which would result from using fruit that lacked decided character.

The factory we visited in Vermont last fall, was a small affair run by water power. The product of cider per day, was thirty barrels from three hundred bushels of apples. The evaporator was the same as those used for evaporating sap and sorghum juice, only it was copper lined; it cost ninety dollars. The help employed was a man and boy to work the mill and press, and one man at the evaporator. The price paid for apples was ten cents per bushel or thirty dollars for one day's supply. The product of jelly per day was fifteen hundred pounds, and the price at the factory was seven cents per pound. It was put up in small boxes, each holding six and one-half pounds, and the packages cost five or six cents each. We leave it for our readers to figure out the profit of the day's work, which certainly ought to be very satisfactory to the manufacturers. A jelly factory should be centrally located in an apple region, and if near a railway, it will be all the more convenient to ship the product. We were told at the Halifax factory that they found no trouble in disposing of all they could make, and that the consumption of the article was rapidly increasing as its value becomes known. It will keep for an indefinite period in an open vessel. We purchased fifty pounds at the factory for our own use, and the only change it has undergone is that it is nearly used up, much to our regret.

To Make Fine Butter.

The process of making butter, says the New York *Times*, is an important one, for the best may be spoiled and poor butter may be improved in the working. When the butter is churned it is taken from the churn and placed on a smooth maple, birch or chestnut table or other butter worker, or put into a bowl. If the churn will admit of it, the buttermilk may be drawn off, and clear, cold water poured into it, and the butter washed in that way in separate waters until it runs off quite clear, and the butter is quite free from milk. This is indispensable if the butter is expected to keep well. It is then salted at the rate of one ounce to the pound of butter. The butter is pressed out with the ladle, and never to be worked by the hands under any circumstances, and the salt is spread over it; it is then doubled and pressed out again and cut and gashed with the ladle, but never rubbed or plastered, but only squeezed and pressed, until the salt is pretty evenly mixed; it is then put away in a cool place for 24 hours or less, as may be convenient. It will then appear streaky and patchy, and is worked over in the same way as before until it becomes free from this streakiness, and even in color, by the thorough mixture of the salt. This is done by squeezing it with the ladle, a small piece at a time, and pressing it out into a flat sheet, so as to get all the salt and moisture in it evenly through the mass. The color is then alike all over. No more working is then required. The first working requires about 10 minutes for 20 or 25 pounds the second about 15 minutes. It should then break with a coarse, uneven fracture, much like that of a piece of beeswax, and should appear when cut of a granular texture and quite free from greasiness, and fine drops of clear brine should follow the knife as it is cut. It is not well to try to get all the moisture out of the butter, as this improves its texture and flavor. If the cream has been well kept and the butter well made and churned, this should have a very sweet and fragrant scent, quite free from acidity or pungency. It is a peculiar scent, and belongs only to the best butter, and when this odor is absent, the right flavor is wanting, because the scent and the flavor as well, are all attributes of pure fresh butter. The butter should be packed as soon as it is worked the last time; no butter needs a third working; the package should be quite free from all disagreeable scent or impurity; white oak, spruce, or white ash are the best materials for the tubs or pails. White oak has an agreeable scent when fresh, and stands first for butter packages. The package should first be scalded, then rinsed in cold water, then rubbed with a little salt, then rinsed with a little water, just enough to wash off the salt, but not to freshen the wood, and the butter is packed in the damp pail at once, being pressed down solid so that no air-holes are left. The pail is filled completely full, and may be covered with a piece of muslin dipped in brine, or with parafine paper, and closed up at once tightly and put away in a cool place or sold, which is the best plan.

Teaching Calves to Drink.

The *Provisioner* (England) in a recent issue, tells an amusing story about the experiences of a man who undertook to teach a young calf to drink and which is thus told and commented on by the American *Diaryman*. Here is a fine description of the approach to the calf, with his great stupid eyes in full amaze. The man straddles him and attempts to push his head down into the milk, when the calf rises in his wonderment and carries the man across the stable and lands him head foremost in the milk-pail. Then come the proverbial affidavits of strong language, a pounding of the calf over the head with the empty pail, and the determination to let the bloody beast starve to death; all going to prove that the calves of the old country have the same calf nature that they have in this country, which is, perhaps, no great wonder after all, as the trouble here so graphically described, does not really come from the calf, but from the ignorance and stupidity of the *genus homo* that has, as some one says, a vast amount of human nature in it wherever he is found.

In teaching calves to drink there is a right way as well as a wrong way to go about it, and the chances are a hundred to one that the man who never learned the business will have as much trouble in his first efforts as he would in trying to steer a setting hen. In the first place, the calf should be made to fast until his appetite is quite sharp. He should then be handled by two persons instead of one, unless the one has had a great deal of experience. If one holds his body still, the other can readily manipulate his head, and as soon as he gets a good taste of the milk his wits seem to come about him, and a little coaxing will do the rest; but, of all things, have a little patience with him.

In the large breeding establishments that are now scattered all over the country, it is almost the universal practice to teach the calves to drink, for no other purpose than to save time and trouble in handling them. One man can readily feed a dozen or more calves, while it would almost demoralize a stable of cows to turn all these half crazy young things into the cows to suck. The worst calves to teach are not the lively and obstreperous ones, such as the above description alludes to, but the dull, stupid ones that seem to have no ideas in their heads at all. We have been bothered for days with such a brute, and it is only the last pangs of starvation that seem to quicken their wits. There is certainly a material difference between the wits of a scrub calf and a thoroughbred—the latter learning, as a rule, without any hesitation. This probably comes from long association of the ancestors with human beings, making them more apt in understanding what is needed, or possibly in not being so frightened at a man's presence, and in that way losing their wits.

American Pomological Society.

We are indebted to Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, the venerable President of the American Pomological Society, for a copy of the announcement of the annual meeting which is to occur in Philadelphia, commencing Wednesday, September 12, 1883 Arrangements have been made for reduction of fares on the railways and at the hotels. A local committee has been appointed, of which Hon. J. E. Mitchell, 310 York Avenue, Philadelphia, is chairman. Exhibitors are requested to give early notice of the space they will need. Six specimens of a variety will be sufficient, except in fruits of an unusual interest. A limited number of Wilder medals will be awarded to objects of special merit. Packages of fruit are to be addressed to "Thomas A. Andrews, Horticultural Hall, Broad street, Philadelphia, for the American Pomological Society." Essays and papers will be read as follows: Hon. P. J. Berckmans, President of the Georgia Horticultural Society; Prof. T. J. Burrill, Illinois Industrial University, on Diseases of Plants; Prof. J. L. Budd, Iowa Agricultural College, on Experimental Horticulture west of the Lakes; Col. N. J. Colman, Editor of the Rural World, Missouri, on Utilizing our Fruits; Prof. J. Henry Comstock, Cornell University, on Insects of the Orchard. Dr. W. G. Farlow, Professor of Cryptogamic Botany, Harvard University, on Uredineae (rusts and mildews); Chas. A. Green, Editor of the Fruit Grower, on Certainties and Uncertainties; Samuel Hape, Esq., Atlanta, Georgia, on the Effect of the Evening Sun on Fruit Trees; Byron D. Halsted, D. Sc., Editor of the American Agriculturist, on Fungi; Josiah Hoopes, Esq., Ex-President of Fruit Growers' Society of Pennsylvania, on Peach Culture in Pennsylvania; Prof. W. R. Lazenby, Ohio State University, on Dichogomy in Cultivated Plants; *i.e.* giving us some valuable hints on "Smokers" and their use.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Natural History of the Honey Bee.

There was much of a general character written about this insect by Aristotle, Pliny, Virgil, Reaumur and others, down to the year 1758, when Linneus, in the tenth edition of his Systema Naturae, gave it a scientific description under the name of *Apis Mellifica*. Since the time of Linneus, the number of investigators and writers on the honey bee has so multiplied that it would be nearly impossible to give even a list of them, but the names of Huber, Siebold, John Hunter, Baron Berlepsch, Latreille, and Dzierzon are worthy of mention, because of their critical researches into the habits and anatomy of the honey bee.

This insect has been placed by naturalists at the head of all the insect tribes, and at the beginning of the Hymenoptera, because of the complexity of its structure, and because it appears to possess a greater degree of intelligence than other insects.

There are three well marked varieties, the German or black bee, sometimes called "native," the Italian or Ligurian bee, and the Egyptian bee. Without doubt these all had a common origin, and perhaps some of the East Indian species may yet prove to be only varieties of this insect.

In each community or swarm there is one queen, several hundred drones, and from 15,000 to 40,000 neuters or workers. The queens are fully developed females. They are larger and more slender than the workers, and are armed with a sting. They lay their eggs in the cells prepared for them, and lead out the swarms to establish a new colony.

The drones or true males are larger and stouter than the workers, and have no sting. They take no part in the labor of the hive, but after the queens have been impregnated, they are destroyed by the workers.

The workers, which are the smallest individuals of the community, are true females with undeveloped ovaries as may be shown by a careful dissection, but they do not lay eggs except under peculiar conditions, when they are called fertile workers, and prove very troublesome to the Apiarist. The workers are armed with a sting which they do not hesitate to use even on the slightest provocation. When they emerge as young bees, they first perform the work in the hive. Some of them, after having gorged themselves with food, remain quiet until more food is required, when they again eat. After a time the wax producing glands, situated on the underside of the abdomen between the segments, are so stimulated that they begin to secrete wax which passes in minute scales to the mouth, to go to the top of the hive and with their claws tear off these scales which they chew up between their *mandibles* or jaws, and mix with saliva until it is of a suitable consistency, after which they stick it to the top, or to the comb already made, and mould it into form with their *mandibles*, carrying on this work until a sufficient amount of comb has been constructed.

Others of the workers attend to the ventilation of the hive, and the care and feeding of the young which are extremely sensitive to the slightest changes of temperature. When the weather is cold they cluster over the brood cells and give off the heat from their bodies to the young; but when the weather is warm a number of the workers arrange themselves on the bottom of the hive, and holding on by their claws they move their wings rapidly as in flight, and in this way cause currents of air to ascend all through the hive making a most complete ventilation, and so reduce the temperature to that which is best adapted to the wants of the young. When the weather is unusually warm a considerable number of the bees leave the hive and cluster around the entrance on the outside to lessen the temperature within. The unusual buzzing sound heard from within at this time is caused by those bees on the bottom board which are ventilating the hive by the movement of their wings which is so rapid that it is next to impossible to see them move, and the bees seem to be simply resting on the bottom; but if we look closely we can see that their wings are not folded over their backs, but are in rapid motion.

After a time as other workers emerge, the older ones go out and collect honey and pollen. They are provided with two stomachs into the first of which the nectar is drawn directly from the nectaries of the flowers, where it is partially digested, and upon the return of the bees to the hive they regurgitate this partially digested substance as honey into the cells.

When a hive is first entered by a swarm of bees, the first work is to close up all cracks and openings with a sticky substance called *propolis* which they collect from the buds of aiders and certain other trees. After the hive has been completed to their satisfaction, the work of constructing the comb is at once begun, and the different kinds of cells formed, as those designed for queens drones, workers and honey. As soon as a sufficient number of cells has been made, the female or queen begins to deposit her eggs placing one in the bottom of each cell. These eggs are cylindrical, slightly curved, and about one sixteenth of an inch long. The queens when in their most perfect condition sometimes lay as many as 3000 eggs in a day. Baron Berlepsch saw a queen lay eggs in an observing hive at the rate of six per minute, and in twenty-four hours she laid 3021, and in twenty days 57,000. This queen continued prolific for five years, and, as the Baron said, must have laid 1,300,000 eggs in all.

The eggs laid in worker cells are voluntarily fertilized by the queen at the time she deposits them. In three days they hatch and the young larva is of a white color without any feet, but lies coiled up in the cell. The workers which act as nurses take the care of these helpless larvæ, feeding them frequently though sparingly on a mixture of honey and pollen. In six days the larva is developed, and the workers cover the cells over with a cap of wax and pollen mixed. The larva now changes into the pupa state and in twenty-one days the insect transforms into the image or perfect bee, and cuts its way out through the cap.

The life of the workers is comparatively short. Those of the fall brood live over the winter and into the next summer, while those reared in the busy season wear out in a month or six weeks.

The cells designed for the developement of the queens are something of the form and about the size of a peanut. The egg deposited in the queen cell is one which has been impregnated, and it hatches and passes its transformation in sixteen days. Within a few days from the time of her emergence the queen goes out on her "nuptial flight," if the weather is pleasant, followed by the drones, one of which she is likely to meet in the air on the wing when they pair; but if the weather is not good, she will improve the first fair day, though after a certain time impregnation is impossible.

The reproductive organs of the female have connected with them a minute muscular sack into which the semen of the male is received and retained, and in laying eggs the queen has the power, as the egg passes along the oviduct, to force out a minute quantity of the semen upon it, and this she does in case of all eggs which are to become queens or workers, but the eggs which are to give rise to drones are not brought in contact with the semen; and this whole thing is apparently under the control of the queen, so that she impregnates the eggs which she lays in queen and worker cell, but not those laid in drone cells. Female bees are developed from impregnated eggs while male bees are from unimpregnated eggs. If a queen emerges from her cell with her wings crippled so that she cannot fly—no uncommon thing among insects—she does not pair with a male since this takes place only in the air, but she will lay eggs all the same, only all the eggs develop into drones the same as in the case of a fertile worker which is one with the ovaries so developed that she can lay eggs, but never having mated, of course the eggs are unimpregnated and develop into males or drones only.

The eggs which are to develop into males are laid in the larger horizontal cells, and in twenty-four days from the laying of the eggs they emerge.

It is usually the case that several queen cells are constructed in a hive, and young queens started in each of them, but the one which emerges first at once hunts through the hive for other queen cells, and if she finds any she stings the occupants to death; but if two queens emerge at the same time, they engage in mortal combat at their first meeting, the one coming off victorious remains mistress of the situation and queen of the hive.

Should a queen be lost or destroyed by any accident, the workers tear down the walls around a worker cell containing an egg or a larva not over four days old, and by giving it more room and more stimulating food possibly, it develops into a queen.

C. H. FERNALD.

State College, Orono, Me.

For the Maine Farmer.

Aroostook Wild Lands Again.

MR. EDITOR: You must allow me a brief space in which to reply to a "twenty years resident." I admitted there was lots of land for sale in the settled townships. We simply disagree as to the price. He says it is reasonable. I say it is unreasonable. Lots which cost originally, $50, $60, and $80 each, paid in labor, are now held, with the improvements, at from $300 to $600. And the improvements often consist of a tumble-down log house and a "mortgage," which in Aroostook parlance means a chopping which was never cleared, and has grown up to weeds and bushes, making it worse for the settler, than if the trees were standing. I repeat, no man without means can go on to one of these lots, and make a living, and pay for it by working it. Numbers have tried it, to my knowledge, and succeeded. As to our forests being rapidly denuded, I am keenly sensible of the fact; and they will be, as long as the government offers a bounty of $2. on every thousand of lumber cut. This is virtually what the high tariff on lumber does. With only 85000 millions of pine left standing in the United States—barely enough to last ten years, at the present rate of cutting—Congress persists in excluding foreign lumber, thus inflicting a double wrong on the country, rendering a lumber famine inevitable in the near future, and also making more certain the "disastrous floods and drouths which devastate the country." And all this for the benefit of a small syndicate; a few hundred thousand land owners, and lumber manufacturers along our northern border; putting in the pockets of those already rolling in wealth, at the expense of the masses throughout the country, who use lumber. It was the gigantic mistake of the last Congress to call it by no worse name. A feature of Aroostook lumbering is, that it is largely New Brunswick capital, and New Brunswick muscle that is engaged in the business. They are getting the cream of the operation. It is claimed they make a market for our hay and grain, but the writer sold oats for 40 cents per bushel this winter, and the back settlers of Perham sold hay for $6. per ton. Not a great bonanza at these prices. But his last question caps the whole. Why, does he wish these vast and beautiful forests to be handed over to the spoiler, to be cut down and burned up, doing no one any permanent good? And has it come to this? We have left the comforts and associates of our early home; severed our neighborhood and kindred ties; and for long, weary days have journeyed hither, with but few worldly goods and no resources; but with a grit and purpose which said, "Live or die, we have come to stay."

We have threaded these pathless forests and turned them into fruitful fields; beautiful farms and homes of comfort are scattered as if by magic far and wide. We have created sources of wealth for the thriving villages along this lovely valley; planted the institutions of learning and religion—in short, have made Aroostook the pride of New England and the garden of Maine, only at the last to be called "spoilers."

Cut the trees down and burned them, did we? Of course, with deep regret we did it, but there was no other way. Our four million bushels of potatoes and ten thousand tons of hay last year, would not have grown in the shade of these forests. And if they would, it would have been very inconvenient running our five hundred mowing machines among the trees.

"Doing no one any permanent good." Then it is all a mistake. "We don't want any more townships opened for settlement. We who are here must stop clearing land." We had hoped to leave honored names and homes of comfort to our children's children, but no; if we would conduce to the "endless sources of wealth," we must seed down our fields to spruce and pine again, and start out for the bleak hills and rocks of old Oxford, eke out a brief existence as best we may, and at last be thankful for a pauper's grave. Heaven forgive us for the mischief we have done. OLD SETTLER.

Caribou.

For the Maine Farmer.

Bee-Keeping—No. 1.

The occupation of bee-keeping is one of great antiquity, and was considered a business of some considerable importance by the ancients, and in reading up its history we can safely conclude that we, to-day, are not very far in advance of those who gathered honey from Mount Hymethes, before the beginning of the Christian era. Much is said in these latter days of the origin of the frame hive, but we are taught that Sampson was the first one who ever saw a colony of bees occupying frames, the carcass of the lion being the hive and the ribs being probably used for frames. This fact fixes the origin beyond dispute, although at the present time we perhaps should prefer a different form of hive. But levity aside, the first real knowledge we have in regard to the subject takes us back to the days of Aristotle, more than three hundred years before Christ. His writings show that even then much was known of the science of apiculture, and that many persons were successfully engaged therein. Some three hundred years after Aristotle, we find Virgil writing on this subject, and the text of his works shows at least that he was conversant with it and that the apiarists of his time used many of the same methods that are now adopted by our most successful bee-keepers. The works of Virgil, followed shortly after by Columnella, and after him by Pliny in the first century A. D., contained much valuable and some curious information: still as would naturally be expected, many errors crept in, yet enough is said to prove that bee-culture was carried on in a scientific manner. After Pliny an interim of about two thousand years occurred during which time nothing of importance is known relative to the subject. About the 17th century we find that the matter was revived, and a new impetus was given. Swammerdaw, a Dutch entomologist aroused the attention of the public to the suject, and from that time modern bee-culture may be said to have taken its rise. From that time, however, to the beginning of the present century, but little was really accomplished, and it was not till about the year 1850, that it could be said to have advanced enough to give any cause to believe that it would ever be a business of any magnitude, and even then the most sanguine were not prepared to believe that it would in less than forty years, take such rapid strides, as to place it in the front rank with other kinds of business, or that it would ever attain to so high a position in a financial point of view as it even now occupies. Under the old box hive regime, but little could be done save to trust largely to luck, and while some even with the box hive realized quite a good profit from apiculture, they could apply but few scientific principles to the management of the apiary, and the bees were largely left to themselves, so far as any attempt to govern them was concerned.

The invention and introduction to the world of the movable sectional frame, by the Rev. L. L. Langstroth, formed a new era, and gave an impetus to the occupation that has caused it to move steadily forward, never stopping in its course till at last it stands well with other occupations, and is now considered a staple and well paying business. All thanks and praise then to the Rev. Langstroth. He stands among bee-keepers to-day the prince of them all. To him the world of apiarists owe more than they can ever pay, but they admit the debt, and their gratitude will ever live fresh and green in their hearts, and future generations of bee-keepers will be taught to revere his name, for by the introduction of his frame uncertainty has been made certain and that which before that time was considered laborious work is now made a pleasant means of recreation. In future chapters I propose to trace the progress of apiculture from the introduction of the frame down to the present time; give briefly some hints in regard to management of an apiary and describe the various inventions that are now in use, hoping that I may be able to instruct, if not amuse some who are novices in this fascinating occupation. J.B. MASON.

Mechanic Falls.

For the Maine Farmer.

Bee-Smokers.

Very few persons who keep bees are aware of the great convenience of having a good smoker with which to manage their bees. With one, a person can do any kind of job on bees with little danger of stings. He will put on or take off boxes, will turn the hive bottom up to remove objectionable combs, right in the presence of the vigilant little proprietors. He will even cut the combs out of the hive and fasten them into movable frames, and the bees will crawl away at his bidding from the hive which a few moments before they were ready to lay down their lives to defend. The fact is, a good smoker is one thing altogether needful in the kind of bee management. Persons of little experience are apt to use smoke too freely. A very little when properly directed, is enough, and does no harm. I have seen bees that have been oversmoked whose combs smelt as strong as a smoke-house, and these fumes remain in the hive for many days, and made one next to unendurable to the bees. Smokers are now sold by all dealers in apiarian supplies for about one dollar each. They are made with a convenient receptacle for burning rotten wood in, and the smoke is forced out by a small hand bellows attached to one side or end. If you cannot afford an affair thus expensive, you can get up one yourself that will answer every purpose for an outlay of about five cents. Get your tinner to make a tin tube six inches long, and three-fourths of an inch in diameter, grooved together so it will not need solder. Now make two wooden plugs each two inches long, with a small gimlet hole bored through lengthwise, and fit one of these tightly into each end of the tube, and your smoker is done. These plugs may be fashioned like the mouthpiece of a pipe, so as to be more convenient to hold in the mouth. When wanted for use, cut up some dry tobacco fine, and removing one of the plugs, fill the tube and light this end, drawing the other as you would a cigar, and while you continue to draw, put in the plug and reverse ends in your mouth, and this time blow instead of drawing, and you will have a blast of smoke that you will not be ashamed of, and before which the busy hoards of the hive will sheathe their daggers and flee.

Caribou. G. W. P. JERRARD.

For the Maine Farmer.

Jottings by the Way.

When in Oxford county, a pleasant night's entertainment was found at the residence of L. L. Gardiner, Sumner. He has a farm of 300 acres, one of the best stock farms in the county. His main barn 42 by 91 feet, was last season remodeled and finished in modern style. The driveway is on the high beams, so that the hay all pitches down from the cart in unloading. This barn has no equal for thoroughness of build, and convenience of arrangement, with any with which I am acquainted. He has an apple orchard of about 200 trees, and a maple orchard of 500 or more trees. Mr. G. intends to produce on his farm sweetening and bread for his table, and feed for his stock, so that when the yearly balance is struck, there shall be no cash account against him for Southern sugar and Western corn, whether the tariff goes up or down. Last year he raised 500 bushels of corn in the ear, 52 bushels of wheat, and 100 bushels of potatoes. Mr. Gardiner is a stock man all through and through, and perhaps has handled as many pairs of nicely matched steers as any farmer of his age in the State. His usual stock is about 30 head of cattle, and 2 horses. At the time of my call, about midwinter, he had only 18 head of cattle, having sold during the last season, $1530 worth of stock that he wintered one year ago. One sale to Trafton and Andrews amounted to $1125.

A social dinner hour was enjoyed at the house of Mr. A. R. Hill, Brownfield. His home farm contains 400 acres, besides which, he has out lots to the amount of 265 more. His buildings, a two story house with barn connected, are all new. The barn is 41 by 109 feet, 21 feet posts, driveway on the girths, with cellar under the whole. The lintels are arranged crossways of the barn for the accommodation of about 65 head of cattle. For some years past he has run a stock of from 60 to 65 head, the present winter he has 85, as follows: 14 four years old steers, 8 three years old, 14 two years old, 20 yearlings and 20 calves, (steers and heifers) and 9 cows, a part being kept at an out barn on another part of the farm. His crops last year were, 75 tons of hay, largely meadow, 5½ acres yellow corn, 4 acres sweet corn. He designs to plant about 20 acres of sweet corn next season. Mr. Hill has late years increased the amount of provender fed with poor hay with favorable results. He is at present feeding a mixture of cotton seed, lindan meal and bran, but considers cotton seed meal a very dangerous feed for cows near the time of calving. His horse is kept in good condition, fed entirely with straw and provender.

A pleasant call was made upon Mr. C. F. Millett of Norway, one of the progressive farmers in town. He has a farm of 200 acres, keeps 8 to 10 cattle, 2 or 3 horses, and 50 or more nice grade Cotswold sheep that average 7½ lbs. of wool per head. He usually raises about 40 lambs from his flock, worth these times about $2½ each. He has a fine looking brood mare. One of her colts sold last season for $200, a yearling sired by C. M. Cram's Maine Jefferson, Mechanic Falls, is a very promising colt. Mr. Millett believes in the use of special fertilizers. Last year from an acre of exhausted soil, planted to sweet corn, dressed with about 800 lbs. of the Stockbridge Corn Fertilizer, cost $20. ¾ being spread broadcast, the remainder in the hill, he got $63 at the Norway canning factory. The corn did better where the fertilizer was applied, than where 6 or 8 loads of yard dressing were spread, the same amount of fertilizer being put in the hill. He believes in and practices smooth cultivation for corn. For some years past he has practiced sowing grass seed with his corn at the second hoeing, with good success.

C. S. A.

My soil is a loam slightly mixed with clay with a clay subsoil. Now what kind of fertilizer is the best for that soil? How is Bay State, Bradleys, Bowkers, &c. An answer through the columns of the FARMER will be acceptable to a subscriber. I wish to use for corn and potatoes, how much per acre with other manure?

ABEL DAVIS.

New Portland.

H. B. Mayhew of Dover, Maine, says: "The rubber coated scythe proved first rate in every particular."

Correspondents' Notes and Queries.

The bee-keepers of Maine are informed that the committee appointed at Dexter in February last, to confer with the officers of the State Agricultural Society asking that premiums may be given on bees, honey, &c., have succeeded in getting quite a liberal amount, considering how small has been the exhibit in years past. We believe the total amount is double any former year. We also expect to have a room or tent by ourselves in which to display our bees, honey, extractors, feeders, smokers, comb foundation, hives, bees-tongue registers, books and the lots of other things which are of interest to bee-keepers. We also hope to make arrangements whereby we shall have some of the bee men give public manipulations of the bees exhibited in wire tents for the benefit of all interested. We are promised by the treasurer of the society, copies of premium lists early for distribution among the leading bee-keepers. The committee have promised the State Agricultural Society that the bee-keepers will make a good display now such inducements are offered. Now brother and sister bee-keepers, let us take hold of this and have something to exhibit next fall at the State Fair, and if we all do our best we will make a display in this department that will surprise the trustees and perhaps the bee-keepers themselves.

H. B. Cony,
Isaac Hutchings,
William Hoyt, } *Committee.*

I have been thinking whether or not it is expedient for farmers to buy these commercial fertilizers in order to raise their crops. Ought we not rather to increase the quantity and quality of our manure pile, by the use of absorbents &c., so that we should not be dependent on these high priced fertilizers to keep up the fertility of our farms. If this same money which we pay out, and a large portion of which goes out of the State, could be expended in fixing up our buildings and in beautifying our homes, it would alter the appearance of the landscape greatly in a few years. I think that the trouble lies with our fathers; with those who cleared up our farms. They deeming the soil inexhaustible, proceeded to crop the land year after year with grain, without returning an equivalent to the soil, and thus left us with a legacy of worn out farms, which we must study and use all the means in our reach to improve. I have been led into this train of reflections, from buying some superphosphate for the first time this Spring. I would like to hear from others on this matter. B.

I am glad to read so many items about poultry. I want to inquire if the Leghorn hens are the most profitable for farmers to keep? Do laying hens need bone and earthen if they have plenty of old plastering? Are the Plymouth Rocks any more liable to have lice than any other breed of poultry? E.

To the first question, we would answer that in our opinion there are no better layers than the Leghorns. They are not as persistent setters as some of the breeds, are of fair size, mature quite early and make nice poultry. We consider ground bone better than old plastering, because it contains phosphate—yet the hydrate of lime will answer, provided the food given contains a sufficient amount of the phosphate of lime. Hens will never be troubled with vermin if their roosts and quarters are kept clean and well ventilated; neglect these, and no breed will be exempt from them.

I am desirous of information in regard to wild land in Aroostook county, and take the liberty of addressing you, hoping you can inform me on the subject, or refer me to some one who can. Does the State own any land there, and if so, what are the terms of sale; if not, who are the owners? What would be the probable cost of, say, 100 acres, which could be cleared for a farm? Any information on the subject would greatly oblige, yours respectfully,

Bremen. F. O. KENT.

The State owns no settling lands in Aroostook. The wild lands there are owned mainly by speculators. The price of settling lots will vary much according to location. Write to James Nutting, Perham, or to L. R. King, Caribou.

I should like to ask some stockman a few questions about the phenomenon generally known as a "toad calf." First, I should like to know just what, in regard to shape and size, constitutes such a calf. Second, what is the scientific explanation of the phenomenon? Do scientific men consider these animals to be monstrosities? Third, are they peculiar to the Holstein and Hereford breeds? Fourth, is it possible to fat them up to any such extent as would make it profitable to rear them? Fifth, Does a protruding tongue form one of the characteristics of this curious kind of calf?

Noblesboro. L. H. WINSLOW.

Putnam Rolfe's son, Princeton, Me., writes that we have cross-plowed 21 acres of newly broken up ground with the Sulky Plow and one span of horses, and did it well. Have never even broken a point in the last two years. The saving in the wear of our team as used on this plow is worth one-half the cost of the plow each season. Our average day's work on rough, rocky ground, broken up last fall, has been one and a half acres per day for fourteen days

A few of the early variety of potatoes set near the stove or in a warm place will sprout and can be set in the ground as soon as danger from late frost is past, and will afford new potatoes much earlier in the season than those planted in the usual manner. By adopting this practice I generally have new potatoes in July, when those brought from the south are sold at a high price. F.

I think that superphosphate is of little value when sown broadcast; it evaporates when exposed to the air very soon and much blows away as do also plaster and ashes; besides the inconvenience and hard work it causes to the eyes makes it a costly way to enrich lands. The grain drill is just the thing to sow grains, grass seed and fertilizers. L. HILTON.

East Fairfield.

John D. Frost, of Elliot, under date of December 18, 1882, writes that he has used the Meadow King nine years; it is very light draft, has done its work well, and he has not paid out one cent for repairs.

Will Mr. S. W. Walker of Anson, please give us through the FARMER, a description of a silo made of boards and mostly above ground, and how big it would have to be to hold 40 tons? J. W. Y.

No. Berwick.

Suggestions for the Season.

The use of the sunflower as a *living stake for tomato plants* continues to be recommended by those who have tried it, especially where fowls are kept—the sunflower seeds being excellent feed for them. A little more room is left between hill and hill, as there are two plants to be fed instead of one, but, in a garden, about forty inches will do very well, as the tomato-plant is kept strictly erect to the great advantage of the circulation and the fruit. The side branches are pinched at one leaf beyond the first bunch of blossoms on each, and the top as soon as enough of fruit is set to be sure of complete maturity. Tomatoes, like grapes, must have light and warm air to attain the flavor, and like grapes, too, they do best if thinly screened from the direct blaze of the sunshine. Sunflower plants for this use should be advanced in frames, the

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, April 19, 1883.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Lincoln County during April.

MR. H. G. ELLIS will call upon our subscribers in East Kennebec during April.

Fasting and Prayer.

As much for its associations and memories, as for its uses, are we in favor of keeping the day set apart for Fasting and Prayer. Were it not observed we should feel that something had dropped out from the calendar of the year. The disconsolate and discouraged condition of our New England fathers, after grappling with the severities of winter, did not lead them to forget Him in whom they had trusted, though they were brought into severe straits. In their deep distress, they set apart a day for Fasting and Prayer, calling to mind and asking forgiveness for their sins, and invoking the Divine benediction upon their future undertakings. From that time to this, the day has been kept—not indeed in its Puritanical sanctity and austerity—but kept, nevertheless, as a day set apart from the ordinary routine of daily and exacting duties. We cannot regret that the rigors of the day have become somewhat softened. Men do not crowd the temple gates as formerly, abstain from food, and assume a sad and forlorn demeanor. But they do generally fast from labor, and that is something gained. If the day partakes something of the nature of a holiday, it gives the people an opportunity to take their minds from the contemplation of the material things with which their hands have to do, and affords opportunity for the contemplation of higher things.

The highest type of fasting is not found in abstinence from food, or abuse of the body. It is the fasting of the mind and spirit that is contemplated, recognizing dependence upon a higher power, and pleading for Divine protection and guidance in the days to come. We are apt to forget, in boasting of our country's greatness and prosperity, that true civilization and true greatness do not consist in the magnificent development of material resources alone. It might, if man were a material being merely; if he consisted solely of flesh and blood, of bones and muscles. Civilization would then be to him what domestication has become to horses, cows and dogs. But God did not shape these dumb animals in his own likeness. He did not breathe an undying spirit into their nostrils. Man alone He invested with heirship in eternity; and, to adapt him to his exalted destiny, endowed him with a dual nature—the material and the spiritual. These natures require equal development. The neglect of one and the development of the other, will result in the ultimate production of an abnormal being, a moral monster. While absorbed in our struggles and triumphs over the material things of life, there is danger of neglecting and stunting our higher nature. We are surrendering our souls to be led captive at the chariot wheels of an aggressive materialism. We therefore hail the coming of these days, not as occasions for clothing ourselves in sackcloth and ashes and sitting amid the shadows in the vale of humiliation, but because they afford opportunities for the cultivation of conscience as an indispensable factor in the true progress of mankind. In this manner may the Fast day of the Governor's appointment come to and be appropriated by all our readers.

Ready for Business.

The evidence adduced during the trial of the Winslow shooting case, at the court house in this city, is a stirring commentary on the pernicious practice of carrying concealed weapons. If there were no other offence, Getchell should be condemned for that. There was a family quarrel, seething and boiling for two years, until it had reached fever heat. Getchell had stirred up the long-sleeping and intense anger of the old man, and it had become so chronic that the two almost feared to meet. Every new meeting added fresh danger to the situation, and awakened the smouldering embers of wrath. Getchell was incensed at his wife for not leaving her father's house, and living with him; and certainly if he had provided a home elsewhere it was her plain duty to go, and share it with him. A child was born to the unhappy couple. While in the first few weeks of its tender life the husband sought an opportunity to look into the face of his offspring, but was denied the privilege, and went away. Again, he came, at Christmas tide, when if at any time angry feelings would be subdued; but again he found the doors of his home and the hearts of his relatives barred against him. The next time he came it was with a loaded revolver. He was "ready for business," and that business was to shoot down somebody. He used it on the first provocation, though he said his intent was simply to frighten. The marines may be tempted to believe that. The fact of the existing state of feeling on the part of the parties, was the very reason why the loaded pistol should not have been present. In the absence of that loaded revolver, the affair would have culminated in an unfortunate assault, and would not have attracted attention outside of the neighborhood. But Getchell's crime was in taking to that place, where he knew a rupture was inevitable, a loaded revolver. It was easy enough for him to get away from the old man's cantdog, though threateningly raised to strike him down; but it was hard work for the old man to get away from the loaded revolver. To carry such a weapon is evidence of either a murderer or a coward. Getchell was cleared because it couldn't be proven positively that he pointed the pistol at Flagg; but he would have avoided all difficulty whatever, and not have appeared at court, had he left that pistol at home. The practice of carrying dangerous weapons has become altogether too common, and unless it is stopped Maine society will soon resemble the society of the frontier.

A former State official of Maine, Mr. Thomas Boynton, of Boston, died Wednesday in the Roxbury district, of dropsy, aged 55 years. Mr. Boynton went to Boston a score of years ago, but, prior to his leaving Maine, he was deputy Secretary of State under John G. Sawyer and Aiden Jackson. He was a man of sterling character, and dies lamented by a wide circle of friends.

The contract for building the new pavilion at the Insane Hospital, has been awarded by the Trustees to M. C. Foster & Son of Waterville, for $24,450. The next lowest bid was by Nathaniel Noyes of this city, $26,800.

In order to secure the benefits of Fast day to all employed in this office, we go to press somewhat earlier than usual, and are therefore without our Brighton markets.

We notice that several carloads of agricultural implements arrived in Boston the past week for Hon. Fred Atwood.

A WRONG POLICY. In its disturbance by the dynamite fiend, England must have the sympathy of the whole civilized world. What sort of a man must it be who sneaks up to a fine public building, erected by government out of money contributed by the people, and deposits in a niche in the wall an explosive which will presently shatter the building and endanger, if not destroy, many lives? That free speech, free press, and universal brotherhood should come to such a deadly flower as this speaks not well for their essential quality. Those who hope to free Ireland by this policy, are short-sighted. The investigations in England show that many of the explosives were manufactured in this country. Bernard Gallagher, who has been arrested in London on the charge of being concerned in the dynamite operations, claims that he is an American citizen. Where is the horrible breeding place for this new development in civilization? This is what we must discover. In making the discovery this country has as much interest as any. The dynamite business is capable of doing exactly the same harm here as in Europe. Self-preservation requires that every energy of society should be forthwith devoted to stamping out this new pest.

Peter Cooper was really the petted child of New York, when his great age rendered such a term possible. Every one loved him, and his presence on the streets and in public places was the signal for manifestations of great joy. On the day of his funeral, when his coffin passed through the great city, which he had so blessed by living in it, every head was uncovered, phalanx upon phalanx of men whom he had educated,—"Peter Cooper's Regiment,"—followed his remains. There was no branch of human interest that he had not touched; the city wept for him; the city honored him. The descendants he has left behind, excellent, kindly and distinguished people, who have cherished this long life so lovingly, were not the chief mourners. Those were to be found in the ranks of the poor, the lowly, the unfortunate, the struggling. Most pathetic was it to see the crowd outside the church, who could not get in to see his face once more. Although he lay in state all day in the church of his choice, five thousand at least, failed to see him. The subject of this great king could not all approach his throne, and for the first time in ninety years Peter Cooper was inaccessible.

APPEARANCE OF THE STAR. The favorite steamer, "Star of the East," plying between the Kennebec and Boston, will make her first appearance in Kennebec waters for the season on Saturday next, so as to resume her regular trips on Monday. During the winter the "Star" has been completely overhauled and is now better than ever. A new boiler has been put in, the pilot house block lifted up, eighteen new state rooms added, and the boat painted. It is as neat as a lily. The head-quarters of this line, in Boston, which for a number of years has been located at Union wharf, has been changed to the end of Central wharf, from which point the boats of the line will make their regular trips the coming season. The new location is one of the best in Boston, is easily reached and cannot fail of proving very acceptable to Eastern travel by boat. Capt. Collins, the tried the trusted and the true, remains in command of the steamer. Capt. Lewis will continue in command of the "Delta Collins," the connecting boat between this city and Gardiner. Mr. W. J. Tuck, agent in this city, has his office at the wharf open for business. He has been in the employ of the company nineteen years.

The consideration shown to Gen. Diaz on his trip through the United States is well deserved. He was the Mexican president when the incursion of our troops into Mexican territory in pursuit of outlaws had become a cause of grave international complications; but he managed affairs so skilfully and temperately that there was no breach between the two countries, and not even a collision between the raiding parties and the federal or local forces of Mexico. To the efforts of President Diaz was due the prompt payment of the installments on the award in favor of the United States, made by the commission of which Minister Thornton was president. The state of the public treasury was so low at the time of the accession of Gen. Diaz to power that the money for the earlier payments had to be raised by private subscriptions and from the profits of theatrical performances. There is no Mexican better entitled to receive honors in this country than ex-President Diaz.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR. On Tuesday, in his Florida trip, the President went to Fort Gardiner on the Kisaimmee river, 40 miles south of Kissimmee City, and there met Tom Tigertail, a sub-chief of the Seminole Indians, who had come from Lake Rosalie, six miles distant, to meet the great father. The President shook hands with the Indians, and gave a papoose 25 cents. Secretary Chandler gave Gen. Tigertail his pocket-knife. The President handed Tigertail a cigar, which was seized with avidity, and he immediately reached for the President's lighted cigar, obtained it, lighted his own, and returned that of the President. The President has caught many fish, and Secretary Chandler on Wednesday killed an alligator. The President has had many strange experiences during his trip.

The death of David Brown, Esq., of Hampden, announced in our mortuary columns, removes one of the most intelligent and progressive farmers of Eastern Maine. He has filled many public positions, has several times represented Hampden in the legislature, and always discharged his public trusts with ability and integrity. But he was best known as a farmer, and his communications to this paper in years past, distinguished for their practical common sense, have been highly appreciated by our numerous readers. His prolonged life, though not of a strong constitution, goes to prove that rural pursuits are favorable to longevity.

On Friday last, the ice in the Kennebec started in large quantities above the dam, and sailed quietly out that night, so that the river is open to navigation from Augusta to the sea. Last year the ice went out on the 3rd of April. The towboat Charles Lawrence came up the river Monday evening, being the first arrival at Gardiner. She was closely followed by the tug of the Morse line, with two vessels in tow to load with ice at Knickerbocker houses. The shipment of lumber and ice along the Kennebec this season promises to be unusually large.

SPEAKER HAYNES AT THE DIAZ BANQUET. In his remarks at the Diaz banquet in Boston, Speaker J. Manchester Haynes of Augusta, spoke of himself as representing that smaller northeastern republic which cast off the yoke of Massachusetts at the same time that the larger republic of Mexico cast off the yoke of Spain. The heroic and formative period of the United States has passed, and he trusted that the heroic and formative period of Mexico has also passed, and that both republics have entered upon the period of development.

The Trustees of the Insane Hospital at their session this week, unanimously elected Dr. B. T. Sanborn as Superintendent. Dr. Sanborn graduated at the Maine Medical School, and became connected with the hospital sixteen years ago as assistant physician. He has served since that time in various capacities, and since 1873 has been Assistant Superintendent. His experience will be of great value to him in his responsible position, and he will make a careful and painstaking officer.

The Boston Posts of the Grand Army will not use flowers for decoration purposes Memorial Day this year. They will use flags instead, as flowers have become so expensive. The flags will be of silk, twelve by eighteen inches, bordered with yellow silk fringe, mounted on a varnished spear-headed staff, three feet in length.

Hon. Otis Hayford of Canton, has resigned the office of superintendent of the Rumford Falls & Buckfield Railroad, and Mr. L. L. Lincoln of Bucksport, superintendent of the Eastern Maine Railroad, will succeed him. Mr. Lincoln was formerly connected with the Maine Central and is one of the most successful railroad men in the State.

Mr. Samuel Sanders of East New Sharon, passed away from earth, on the morning of March 31st, aged 85 years. He has been a constant reader of the MAINE FARMER since its first publication.

The old law relating to murder in this State expired by limitation on Saturday night, April 14th.

Wallace Ross has forwarded to Hanlan, articles of agreement for the race at Ogdensburg in July.

JEFF DAVIS AS A DUELLIST. A gentleman who has been in the office in Washington for many years, tells this story of the famous trouble between Jefferson Davis and ex-Congressman Bissell. Both parties commanded regiments in the Mexican war, and during a debate in the House an opponent made the charge that Bissell's regiment, headed by its colonel, ran away at the first fire in one of the battles, and that Davis's command came up and saved the day. Bissell was thoroughly enraged at this, and demanded to know the authority for the statement. He was informed that it was Davis, then a member of the United States Senate. Bissell at once denounced Davis as a "liar," and the next day received a challenge to fight a duel. He accepted, named as his weapon muskets, loaded with slugs, and the distance to be seven paces. On the appointed morning Bissell appeared on the ground accompanied by his second and surgeon, but Davis did not turn up. It was afterward ascertained that Davis, who married President Taylor's daughter, had informed his father-in-law, and that the President had detained him at the White House, as he afterwards expressed it, "against his will."

THE BOOTHBAY FIRE, to which we alluded last week, was very disastrous in its results. The works of the Knickerbocker Ice Co., which were destroyed, were located at North Boothbay, about five miles from the village on the Sheepscot river. This is a branch of the Knickerbocker Ice Company of Philadelphia, and was established there in 1875, and has been every year enlarging its works until the storage capacity of its buildings was over 75,000 tons. There were extensive docks connected, so that several vessels could receive cargo at the same time. The machinery was sufficient for the loading of three vessels at one time, besides sending ice into the buildings. The works were as large as any in the state and very valuable privileges, as shipments were made in the winter direct from the pond. There were twelve large storehouses, a trussed covered run about a quarter of a mile long, two engine houses, store houses, hay and dunnage houses, coal sheds, etc., and capacious docks destroyed. The cause of the fire is unknown. The loss is estimated at $150,000 by the managers. The insurance on the property amounts to $33,000. A great many men are thrown out of employment, but it is understood that the works will be rebuilt as soon as possible.

MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS. N. S. Allan, Esq., of Dennysville has a Jersey cow that yielded in one week, recently, eleven pounds of nice butter. From the same cow eighty-three pounds of butter had been made in eight weeks.—Granville M. Stevens of Stevens' Plains, hatches his chicks in an incubator of his own invention. The eggs are placed in drawers, turned daily, and kept at a temperature of 101 degrees; the chickens are hatched in twenty-one days, with very little loss. The chicks are kept in large frames, feed upon sour milk and the green blades of oats sown in boxes which they eagerly devour. At one end of the frame is a little space covered with a warm woolly cloth which is the only "mother" the chicks know. They are born orphans, and having no sheltering wing to run under take kindly to the warm nook provided for them. In his hen-house Mr. Stevens has some fine fowl, and he gets large prices for "broilers."—There is believed to be but one silo in Washington county. John Staples of Baileyville preserved last year 45 tons of ensilage, and is so well satisfied with the method that he will try hard to preserve 100 tons this year.

A curious accident happened to a scaler of logs at a camp near the Katahdin Iron Works, about seventy miles from Bangor. He had been setting traps some five miles from the camp. On returning, he struck through the woods to reach the camp above. He came across a small camp, which had been used for shaving splits. This camp was full of shavings, and dry as powder. He built a fire to warm himself and lay down for a nap. He had been asleep about twenty minutes when he was awakened by a roaring, snapping sound all around him. The shavings had caught fire, and he was surrounded with flames. He leaped for the door, but before he could get out, his clothes had taken fire. His whiskers and hair were burned off, and his hands and face and portions of his body were badly burned. As soon as he got out of the burning camp, he extinguished the fire in his clothes by rolling in the snow. He was in a sad plight when he came into camp, beardless, hairless, and almost naked. It was a narrow escape from a terrible death.

ATTEMPTED SHOOTING. The other day Warren B. Chapman of Norridgewock, attempted to shoot Stephen C. Mills, a well known railroad contractor. Chapman was taken to Skowhegan and arraigned for the assault. Mills testified that Chapman drew a loaded pistol and snapped at him twice, pointing at his heart, but the pistol refused to go. Several witnesses testified as to seeing a pistol in Chapman's hands, but none of them saw him snap it. The pistol was then produced all loaded, but the respondent denied the ownership of that one and produced a revolver, which was not loaded, and which he claims was the one he had in his hand during the altercation. Respondent was required to recognize in the sum of $400, for his appearance at the S. J. Court in September.

A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE. At the Portland Company's shops there is a very large chain which runs on a windlass at the roof and extends down through the three stories of the shop to the basement. This chain is used in hoisting up locomotives bodily in order to put in the driving wheels. Saturday while a locomotive was thus suspended, three men were working underneath and had just got out, when the locomotive came down with a crash, the chain breaking near the windlass. At the same instant a big drop fell through from floor to floor, it struck Mr. Edward Bowdoin, who was on the second floor, on the right side of the head, cutting two terrible gashes, besides almost rendering useless his right thumb. Fortunately his injuries were not fatal, and the other three escaped.

Commander Brown of the frigate Jamestown reports under date of Fort de France, Martinique, March 28, that in response to the request of the owner and master of the British ship Neva lying at anchor near the Jamestown, he had sent an armed boat in charge of Master Nicholson with Lieutenant Whiting and a file of marines to suppress an outbreak on board that vessel. The duty was promptly performed. Four ringleaders were placed in irons. The rest of the crew returned to work. Subsequently Commander Brown received a letter from the owner cordially thanking him and his officers and crew for the assistance rendered.

SUPERIOR COURT. In this court, now in session in this county, in the case of State vs. E. R. Campbell of Winthrop, for keeping a liquor nuisance, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. State vs. Charles Clark, for stealing a team from the Coombs Brothers of this city, on the 12th of last November. Some ten witnesses testified for the government, among them the detective who arrested Clark in Boston, where it is alleged he sold the stolen team. The defence was that it is a case of mistaken identity, the prisoner at the bar not being the man who stole the team. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty.

Mr. Chas. Hulett has been in Bangor, representing that his associate, Charles Emerson, was killed in Madigascar last September, by the natives, and left quite a fortune. He is here looking up the heirs. Chas. Emerson, the person killed, enlisted from Orono in Co. K, 16th Maine Regiment, and has without doubt relatives in Penobscot county.

EX-U. S. Senator Tabor is about to build in Denver a hotel which, when furnished, will cost $1,350,000. Mr. Tabor says: "It will be such a one as Denver never heard of, or even dreamed of."

A. D. Murray, formerly of The Forks Hotel, widely and favorably known, died at Skowhegan last week. M. D. Ward, formerly deputy sheriff and for many years engaged in trade and business there, also died on Friday last.

The house, barn and buildings of John H. Tibbets of Etna, were burned Tuesday, with 20 tons of hay, 2 horses, 3 cows, and 4 young cattle, all the furniture and farming tools. No insurance.

A granite shaft weighing 312 tons has been received at Washington, from Hurricane Island, for the Washington Monument.

The schooner Gettysburg of Richmond, has been blown ashore at Victoria, B. C.

City News.

In announcing the retirement of Mrs. Dr. Quinby from the board of Trustees of the Insane Hospital, we should have stated that she has served the Hospital for nine years in succession, six years in the capacity of visiting committee, and three years as trustee. During all this time, she has given the best thoughts of a highly cultivated mind to the work, and the warmest impulses of a heart touched with sympathy for the unfortunate class with whom she has to do.——Mr. Hiram Reed has entered upon his duties as agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and will actively prosecute all offences against the law, which by recent enactments, is very strict.——On Sunday last, the last of the conference year, the Methodist society raised a sum of money sufficient to liquidate their entire indebtedness.——Mr. R. A. Merrow of Farmington, formerly of this city, where he learned the printer's trade, has gone to the Aroostook, and has located there for the purpose of making an honest living. He wrote home to his father and brother, masons by trade, painting a beautiful picture of Houlton and its surroundings. The answer received was, "we shall start for Houlton as soon as we can arrange our business here." In many respects, Aroostook is better for young men than the West.——Cushnoc Grange of this city is prospering. At its meeting Saturday, three candidates were initiated, and three new members elected. There will be work at every meeting. The next meeting will be on Saturday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.——Mr. William H. Vivian is to be master workman on Capt. Nash's new printing house.——The Misses Stevens, daughters of Hon. John L. Stevens, gave a dancing party at their residence, Friday evening. It was an elegant affair, and enjoyed by some twenty-five couples. Music was furnished by Pullen's Orchestra.——Teachers and scholars in the village district have again returned to their work, after a fortnight's vacation. There will be eleven weeks of school preceding the close of the school year, and the long summer vacation.——Mr. William Walker planted his early peas last week, and many farmers and gardeners are following his example, the frost being out of the ground. Last year Mr. Walker sold $50 worth of peas in this market.——Miss Hattie Deering of Portland, well known as an accomplished teacher in the schools of this city, is to visit Europe on an absence of two years.——It is time to clear your cellars, drains, sewers, etc.——Union Fast day services will be held in the Congregational chapel, this (Thursday) forenoon, at 10.30 o'clock.——C. H. Blaisdell of this city, has been chosen one of the directers of the Auburn Foundry Co.——A farmer friend informs us that he would feel perfectly safe in engaging for his haying help a crew from the young men who have gone West this spring. He is sure the most of them will return by haying time.——We suppose the spring bonnet has made its appearance, but is too small to be seen with the naked eye.——The annual meeting of the village school district will be held at the grammar school building, on Saturday afternoon of next week, April 28th.——Mr. Elisha F. Blackman, of the firm of C. Beale & Co., was married last Sunday, at Machias, to Mrs. L. C. Longfellow of that town. All within the sweep of his artistic brush will send congratulations to the happy Blackman.——Mr. Thomas J. Lynch will on Monday next begin the study of law, in the office of G. C. Vose, Esq., having chosen that as his profession. A diligent and clear-headed student, ambitious, and exemplary in his habits, he is one of those young men whom we are sure will win the worthy prizes of life.——Maj. Farley left for his new field of operations, Tuesday, having been entertained Monday evening by his friends in a supper at the Augusta House. His successor, Maj. Phipps, came Monday.——An elegant and substantial saloon car has been turned out at the Maine Central car shops in this city.——Mr. Chas. F. Warner, Principal of the grammar school in the Williams District, has submitted to the directors a well-written, candid and practical report, containing suggestions, which if heeded, will greatly benefit the schools in the district. Of the 414 scholars in the district, only 229 in the average of the three terms have been registered, while the average attendance allowing for absences, was but 190. He asks for suitable buildings and apparatus for teaching, an assistant for the grammar school, better grading, an increased attendance, and more interest on the part of parents. The annual meeting of the inhabitants of the district will be held at the school-house on School street, Saturday evening next, at 7 o'clock.

Kennebec County News.

The contract for building the monument at Yorktown, Virginia, has been given to the Hallowell Granite Company of Maine. It will be ninety-seven feet high and will cost $66,752. The work is to be completed by October 18, 1884, the aniversary of the surrender.——Mrs. Getchell, wife of Lorenzo D. Getchell, who committed the assault on his father-in-law, has taken steps to obtain a divorce from her husband.——The annual meeting of the Maine Wesleyan Board of Education was held Wednesday afternoon and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Rev. Stephen Allen of Augusta, in place of Dr. E. Clark, resigned; Vice President, Capt. John B. Coyle; Secretary, Moses G. Palmer; Treasurer, James Noyes; Auditor and Advisory Committee, Hon. Joseph A. Locke and Moses G. Palmer. The Treasurer reported $20,335 on hand well invested in bank stock, bonds and mortgages, the income of which goes towards the support of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College.——The South Parish building committee, Hallowell, have contracted with J. M. Nichols & Co., of Augusta, builders, for erection of their church. Their work will include laying the walls, covering in, and slating the roof. Operations will commence as soon as suitable weather sets in. Mr. G. C. McCausland will superintend, and have charge of the wood work.——A goodly number of farmers gathered at the Town Hall, Manchester, on Saturday afternoon, in obedience to the call for a consultation in regard to establishing a creamery. The majority present seemed to be in favor of a cheese factory, rather than a creamery. W. P. Atherton who was unable to be present, sent a letter, advocating a creamery. The meeting was purely informal, and no definite result reached. The farmers will now post themselves concerning the relative value of creameries and cheese factories, before holding another meeting.——Mr. Oscar Insign, treasurer, and Mr. Cutting, selling agent for the Vassalboro Woolen Mills, are in Vassalboro on a business trip this week. Agent Coghill will probably go to New York with them on their return. The mills, which have been on short time nearly all winter on account of the scarcity of water, are now running overtime four nights in the week. The demand for Vassalboro goods is unprecedented. Fine and honest goods are made which readily command the highest market prices.

Editor's Table.

We have received that magnificent art publication for May, "The Magazine of Art," published simultaneously in London, Paris and New York, by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. Nothing like this publication has ever before been attempted in this country.

The Orange Judd Co., 751 Broadway, New York, have just published "The Scientific Angler," being a general and instructive work on artistic angling, by the late David Foster, compiled by his sons, and edited by Wm. C. Harris, editor of the "American Angler." The editor has made it plain to the American reader the angling phrases, terms and tackle used in England, giving, so far as practicable, American analogues of the English fish. The text of the author remains untouched, with the exception of a few paragraphs on fishing for barbel, bream and tench, and the chapter on fish culture.

We have received from the publishers, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, another of the interesting Round-Robin Series, entitled "Fanchette," and written by one of her admirers.

Fords, Howard & Hurlbert, New York, have published a neat, little volume, which they sell in cloth for 50 cents, entitled "The Housekeeper's Year Book." It is a compendium of the thousand bits of information which every housekeeper needs, and blanks for daily memorandum or history of the events of each day.

The April 7th number begun a new volume of that excellent publication, "Littell's Living Age." There never was a period in its history when more attention and care was paid to its selections from the very best foreign publications.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Rev. F. W. Ryder, of East Greenwich, R. I., formerly pastor of the Baptist church in Belfast, has received a call to one of the Baptist churches at Providence——It is expected that Rev. Mr. Libby, of Belfast, will at the coming conference be made presiding elder of that district.——Rev. S. S. York, of Wilton, preached at So. Carthage for the past year, and he has met his appointments regularly with the exception of one or two Sabbaths.——Work has been commenced on the Methodist church, Camden, and will be rapidly pushed to completion. They hope to reopen about the first of July.——Rev. Edward Chase has accepted the call to become the acting pastor of the Congregationalist church at Hallowell, to commence as such in the course of a few weeks. He will probably supply the pulpit next Sunday.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA is designed to meet the wants of those who need a medicine to build them up, give them an appetite, purify their blood, and oil up the machinery of their bodies. No other article takes hold of the system and hits exactly the spot like Hood's Sarsaparilla. It works like magic, reaching every part of the human body through the blood, giving to all renewed life and energy. $1 a bottle; six for $5.

Items and Incidents.

Again has come the spring-time,
With the crocus's golden bloom,
With the smell of the fresh-turned earth-mould,
And the violet's perfume.

Those complaining of Sore Throat, Hoarseness, or "taking cold," should use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice.

The State Capitol at Albany has cost New York fourteen millions of dollars, five more are asked for, and twenty-five millions will be expended before it is completed.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does the Creator's powers display,
And *publishes* to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.—*Addison.*

Printers' ink and paper are the agencies used to publish to the American people the fact that Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures heart disease, sleeplessness, and nervous prostration.

The ground at the Keelridge mine, Menomee Range, Mich., dropped almost 1000 feet, and nine miners perished.

Holden's New Book on Birds—read the adv't, and send 25cts. to G. H. Holden, 9 Bowdoin Sq. Boston. Birds mate now.

Clara Barton, the noted philanthropist, has been made superintendent of the prison for women in Massachusetts.

Farmers should be careful about investing their money in experimenting with new fertilizers. A certainty is always better than an uncertainty, and the best is always the cheapest in the end. Bradley's Phosphate contains all the elements of plantfood in proper proportions and in the most available form to meet the requirements of all crops at all periods of their growth.

A. L. Hamblen of Gorham, Me., writes: "I am pleased to say that Bradley's Phosphate has proved a perfect success in every instance where I have used it. During the past ten years I have tested it in the same field with nearly all the fertilizers sold in this market, and, after strict and careful observation of the results, I can truly say I am satisfied Bradley's is the best.

There are workshops connected with four of the county jails in Maine. As a general thing, these do not pay the counties, but are excellent means of discipline for the prisoners.

The *Hop Plaster* will cure Back Ache, and all other pains instantly. 25cts. only, at druggists.

Florida is properly delighted at the visit of President Arthur. One journal representing the general feeling, declares that "numbering the President of the United States among its visitors, Florida looks down with commiseration upon the effete health resorts of the Old World."

"They who cry loudest are not always the most hurt." Kidney-Wort does its work like the Good Samaritan, quickly, unostentatiously, but with great thoroughness. A New Hampshire lady writes: "Mother has been afflicted for years with kidney diseases. Last Spring she was very ill and had an alarming pain and numbness in one side. Kidney-Wort proved a great blessing and has completely cured her.

Peter Cooper left $2,000,000. He bequeathed $1,000,000 to the Cooper Union.

Chronic constipation is the national curse of Americans. Cure it with Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

Women are rapidly finding places in the learned professions and more lucrative occupations from which they were formerly excluded. Many are graduating in medicine. Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., is a minister of health to thousands who may never touch the hem of her garment, but behold the genial light of her modest countenance.

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes hardened by water, rendering them soft and pliable as new.

No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.

Kerosene will burn clearer if the burners are boiled for five minutes two or three times a year in wood ashes and water.

Consumption is the fatal disease of New England. Coughs and colds are allowed to go unchecked. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam will cure the cough and ward off consumption. Trial size 10 cents.

Boiled starch is much improved by the addition of sperm or salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS," 15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

Advices from the cattle region of the Southwest indicate unusual activity. Cattle are in good order and prices are high.

Rheumatism and Catarrh, caused by poor or corrupted blood, and cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Statistics of crime in seven of the largest cities of the Union, compiled at New York and based upon population, show that San Francisco leads in the number of homicides, followed in the order of mention by Cincinnati, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston.

The offer made in this week's issue by Mayor Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, of a 24-stop organ for $51, delivered at your very door, is one that lasts but 10 days from the date of this week's issue, and our readers should take advantage of it at once. The well-won reputation of this house assures buyers that they will get what they advertises; and the price with all freight prepaid, should give him, as it will, thousands of additional satisfied customers. We are informed by good authority that Mr. Beatty is manufacturing and shipping sixty-nine organs daily, and is running his factory nights in order to fill orders promptly.

ANDROSCOGGIN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. At a meeting of the Trustees of the Androscoggin Agricultural and Horticultural Society on Friday, in Lewiston, a list of premiums for the benefit of Androscoggin competitors, was prepared and adopted, amounting to nearly $500 to be incorporated into the combined list of State premiums for the next campaign, comprising prizes for town teams of oxen, matched cattle, steers, farm stock, cows or heifers, thoroughbred bulls, either Durhams, Herefords, Jerseys, Ayrshires, or Holsteins, stallions under five years, stallions over five years, breeding mares and foal, family and matched horses, colts, thoroughbred sheep, swine, also garden vegetables, farm products, Indian yellow corn, one acre, also sweet corn, one acre potatoes, one half acre yellow corn raised on newly broken land, manured exclusively by commercial fertilizers, kind and quantity, and a sworn statement of costs accompanying at the fair, crop of wheat on one acre, crop of barley one acre, crop of oats one acre. Entries for the above vegetables and grains, must be made prior to the 10th of June next, to the secretary. Prizes will be given, too, one on butter and cheese both dairy and factory, and also on collection of boots and shoes from any manufactory in the county, and goods from the mills. The matter of encouraging the culture of strawberries and other small fruits was discussed and referred to a future time. When arrangements are perfected, the list in part or the whole will be published.

We are pleased to state that Mr. B. H. Mitchell, a Kennebec county boy, who has been West for several years, has returned home at the urgent request of the Estey Organ Co., and will hereafter have control of their Maine business. Mr. Mitchell will be remembered as formerly of the firm of Marston & Mitchell of Waterville, and was a successful business man. He is to have charge of the entire field in Maine, for the Estey Company, organizing and carrying forward their extensive business. His headquarters will be at the factory's warerooms, No. 601 Washington street, Boston. Under the careful personal supervision of Mr. Mitchell, the already large sales of these popular organs will be immensely increased.

James Campbell, of New York, broke his right leg while performing at Madison Square Garden, the other night. Campbell was a leaper, and he, with others, was turning somersaults over what is called a pyramid of elephants. There were five of the animals, and the centre one was on a platform four feet high. The leapers were expected to clear the elephants and alight on a leaping bed 8 feet wide and 20 feet long. Campbell ran down an inclined plane, struck the spring board, went into the air and turned one somersault, but he had miscalculated his distance and went higher than was necessary, and so shortened the length of his leap. In descending, his right foot struck the head of the elephant Hebe, and he fell on the leaping bed. His leg was broken, but he limped out of the ring, and the spectators did not know the extent of the injury. Both bones were broken just above the ankle.

VEGETINE is now prescribed in cases of Scrofula, and other diseases of the blood, by many of the best physicians, owing to its success in curing all diseases of this nature.

Items of Maine News.

Steamers now reach Bangor.

Gen. James A. Hall will deliver the memorial address in Camden.

Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., is to deliver the Fourth of July oration in Portland.

Mr. Henry Plummer, one of the leading citizens of Skowhegan, died last week.

Isaac Forkey was drowned, Monday, at Fairfield, by falling from the sluice of S. A. Nye's mill.

Lieut. Howe, U. S. A., is inspecting the Maine volunteer companies, both First and Second Regiments.

The potato shipments this year from Presque Isle, Caribou and Fort Fairfield will reach 300,000 bushels.

Hiram Talbot a well known business man of Portland, died last week, on his way home from New York, where he had been to buy goods.

Herring have made their appearance in this vicinity, and it is expected that the sardine factories will soon commence packing.

Some of the Grand Army Posts in the State have been celebrating the surrender of Lee at Appomattox court house, eighteen years ago.

A shingle mill owned by Francis A. Reed & Son, in Springfield, on the east branch of Mattawamkeag stream, was burned last Friday. Loss $1000.

The wife of Hartwell Gray of Orland, gave birth last week to triplets weighing respectively 5, 6 and 7 pounds. At last accounts they were doing well.

The mills at St. Albans have started up again, with an abundance of water. Philbrick & Crawford have 700,000 of lumber at their mill, mostly hard wood.

Mr. Abiza Warren of Dover, who had a leg shattered by a kick from his horse a few weeks ago, is quite sick, and a sore has broken out near the fracture.

L. A. Harlow has been appointed Postmaster of Mexico, in place of D. O. Gleason, resigned; and E. H. Stanley of South Hiram, in place of John Durgin, resigned.

Mr. C. J. Burrill of Skowhegan, has shipped during the past winter 485 cords of bark from that station, paying a price averaging $6.25 per cord, amounting in all to $3,100.

The store with contents belonging to B. F. Gilerson, in Fairfield, was destroyed by fire Friday night. Cause unknown. Loss about $2500; insured on buildings, $600.

Parties from Chicago, New York and Boston have recently purchased three thousand acres of land on Isle au Haut, and are negotiating for more. They intend it as a summer resort.

Several farmers in Washington, among them Obed Luce and son, have become fearfully sick after using cheese from the Union factory. Physicians say the sickness was caused by poisoning.

Willie, a little son of Wm. A. Pitts of Skowhegan, fell the other day through the boards of a staging, falling a distance of ten feet, and striking on his side upon a team. It was a narrow escape.

One of the local horsemen of Monroe, sold his horse to a jockey from out of town last week for $30, but discovered before delivering the animal that the money was the six 5 cent pieces gold washed.

Houlton village is dotted with piles of lumber, indicating the early breaking of ground for the erection of new buildings. The demand for stores and dwellings continues, and rents are comparatively high.

At the session in Lewiston of the Sons of Veterans, the business was completed by the election of the junior camp council as follows: S. Ellis Ripley, Livermore Falls; C. O. Wadsworth, Gardiner; C. W. Davis, Augusta.

The house, ell and barn of Wm. F. Hutchinson of West Poland, were totally destroyed by fire Thursday morning. The live stock and most of the furniture were saved. The loss cannot be less than $3500. The buildings were insured.

A three-year old son of Reuben Blackman of Whitefield, had a narrow escape recently. He was playing on some logs when they rolled and caught him in such a way that one log was on his head, when they stopped. He was not injured seriously.

On Saturday, Mamie F., the twelve-years old daughter of J. H. Steward, Esq., hardware merchant of Corinna, while playing near a stream, became bewildered and looking at the water, fell in, and was borne down one hundred yards, when

...s of General News.

...aster General Gresham assumed ...s of his new position on Monday. ...reet's well-known Commercial ...in New York, was burned out, ...

...ommittee on the Revision of the ...he price of lumber for building ...$1 per 1,000 feet.

...dnesday, R. A. Savage, at North ...was shot by one Burnett. It was ...t of an old grudge.

...mi-annual centennial of the estab... of the Jesuits in America, and ... anniversary of the society, was ...d in New York, Baltimore, and ...ies, Sunday.

...uthorities do not have any ap... on of harm to the Greely expedi... at the North Pole, as they have ...ovisions to last the party till the ...f 1884. A relief party will be sent.

...Marble, a weaver, attempted to ... wife in the mule room of the ...ill, Fall River, Mass., Thursday, ...she refused to live with him. The ... missed fire twice, when he was ...

...aster General Gresham has placed ...l list of frauds the name of D. E. ...lain of Athol, Mass. Chamber... been engaged in an extensive ad... business, with a view to defraud... public.

...Cunningham, a desperate burglar, ... the way to state prison from Ded... shipped his shackles at the Provi...ilroad station Saturday morning, ...ped from the sheriff. He has not ...aptured.

...nner in New York, last week, to ...er Wendell Holmes, was a pleasing ...eful tribute to that gentleman on ... of the medical fraternity. The ...ontributed a poem to the occasion ...artakes of the old-time spirit and ...

...oatswain of the ill-fated Jeannette, ...nsane at the hospital in Washing... ...ews worse. Only the other day ...alking in the grounds with a keep... ...ecreted a stone about his person, ...equently struck one of the physi... ...earful blow over the head with it.

...ecision in the lower Court as to ...s on $15,000,000 of Western Union ...h stock being calculated to em... ...nnocent stock holders, Mr. Gould ...rmined to assume the personal re...lity of paying the dividends on all ...ock out of his own vast resources ...er $1,400,000.

...r W. Coleman and Bernard Ashley, ... of the fog signal at Point New ...an Mateo county, Cal., attempted ...shore in a skiff with two friends, ...A. and Frank Pratt, Wednesday. ...t capsized and all were drowned. ...ves of the keepers were eye-wit... ...f the accident.

...s Smith, a well-to-do farmer of ..., Iowa, went to his barn Friday ..., and killed his two sons, aged 9 ... with an axe. Returning to the ...e killed his wife with the same ...; and then attempted to kill his ...ghters, but they escaped. Smith ...ed himself by cutting his throat.

...arly appearance of yellow fever in ...s given the health authorities some ..., and the quarantine stations will be ...earlier than usual. They will be ...ated at New Orleans first. Commu... ...s received from Southern Boards ...h already indicate some apprehen...

...egalia of the imperial family of ...was transferred from the repository ...inter Palace to the Kremlin at Moz... ...t week. The procession accom... the emblems was a superb sight, ...g of a throng of officials in full ..., and occupying state coaches ...d with the coats of arms of the em... ...he military were in attendance.

...missioner Dudley promises to send ...e treasury department $10,000,000 ...f pension claims this month. This ...e $20,000,000 back on the sum he ...d to expend during the present fis... . He proposes to run the payment ...5,000,000 in May, so that $5,000,... ...t remain for June. This plan is ...to have it all put out by the agents ...he end of the month.

...spatch from Hermosillo, Mexico, ...at 93 persons, including 27 Ameri... ...ve been killed in the State of Son... ...e the out-break of the Apaches. It ...ved that many others who were ...ave not yet been reported. At Pal... 10 persons were killed last Tues... ...wo women were hung up by the ...nd their bodies ripped open. The ...child of one was found mangled at ...er's feet. The bodies of the men ...so horribly mangled.

...nday morning a train on the Board ...oute out from New York to Phila... ...was run into at the crossing of ...d and the Lehigh Valley road, be... Bound Brook and Weston, by a ...locomotive of the latter road. The ...coach of the Philadelphia train was ...ned and caught fire. All the pas... were extricated before the flames ...them, but thirteen were injured, ...rhaps fatally. It is said that the ...ere racing.

...all street bomb was exploded by a ... carriage in front of the post office ...on. Friday forenoon, causing some ...tion but no damage. The device ...ircular shell two inches in diameter ...f an inch thick. Two small prongs ...s projected from the centre. The ... was about as loud as a military ...The incident caused some talk in ...ion with the Marquis of Lorne's ar... ...t the police attach no significance ...They believe the device was dropped ...tally.

...nday morning early about one hun...nguished persons attacked the jail at ...ville, Va., forced the Sheriff to sur... the keys and took William M. ...t from his cell and hung him from ...m of a mill on the outskirts of the ... Crockett was awaiting trial for the ...of Joseph H. F. Hurt in Wythe ...some time ago. The murder was a ...gled affair, and Crockett would ...en lynched at the time had he not ...d. He was captured two months ...l brought back to Wytheville for ... After hanging him the mob riddled ...dy with bullets, to insure death. ...f the lynchers were recognized.

...rial of Joe Brady, one of the Phoe... murderers, was concluded in Lon... Friday. Upon the conclusion of ...uments of counsel Judge O'Brien ...his charge to the jury. The Judge ...d his charge at thirteen minutes af... o'clock, when the jury retired. ...ere absent forty minutes, and on ...ng to the court room announced that ...und Brady guilty of the murder of ...rederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. ... was immediately sentenced to be ... Dr. Webb moved for an arrest of ...nt. He alleged that under the ... act the jury which heard the case ...ot legally formed. The Judge re... to grant Dr. Webb's motion. The ...ted for the execution of Brady is the ... May.

...weeks past the people in Charlotte, ...and vicinity have been greatly ex... over an epidemic of mad dogs. No ...an ten canines have been shot. The ...ight while the congregation of the ...on Presbyterian College was en... in worship, a dog suffering from hy... ...bia ran up the middle aisle of the ..., foaming at the mouth and howling. ...urch was crowded and a panic en... Men, women and children attempt... et out. Some mounted the tops of ...nches. Dr. Lanneau, the pastor, ...d in the middle of a sentence and ... on top of the pulpit, calling "Kill ...it." One of the worshippers had a ..., and running forward, fired twice ...log. Other men came up with walk... ...ks and spittoons and beat and pel... dog to death. In the panic ladies ...and others were severely crushed, ...fatalities are reported.

...five-story brick store on the corner ...rch and State streets, in Rochester, ...fell with a crash early Wednesday ..., just as fifteen workmen had come ...t their day's vocation at remodeling ...ey were all, with the exception of ...arried down with or buried in the ... The new mortar had been frozen, ...e warm weather of the next day ...in the new walls toppling over and ...g the whole five stories with them ...mass of ruins. Six men who were ... mortar in the basement escaped ...by crouching next the inner wall, ...they were protected from the falli... ...cks by the joists forming a bridge ...he wall to the ground, thus screen... ...em from the wreck. Two leaped ...e top floor to the roof of the adjoin... ...ilding and escaped with slight injur... ...the owner of the building, Mr. T. F. ..., who was on the fifth floor, went ...with it and was badly hurt.

The Markets.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, April 17.

FLOUR—We quote sales at $3 25@3 75 for Western Superfine; $4 00@4 75 for common extras; $4 75@6 00 for Wisconsin extras; and $4 75@6 00 per bbl. for Minnesota extras, including choice baker's brands; winter wheats are selling at $5 00@5 50 for Michigan, $5 25@6 00 for Ohio Indiana and $6 50@6 25 for Illinois and St. Louis; spring wheat patents are selling at $7 00@7 75 and winter wheats at $6 00@6 50 per bbl. Corn Meal has been selling at 3 05@3 10 per bbl. Rye Flour sells at $375 @ 4 00 per bbl. In Oat Meal sales have been at 6 50@6 75 per bbl. for common and fancy Western.

GRAIN—There is a dull feeling for Corn and prices are lower. We quote the different grades of mixed and yellow at 70@71c per bush., as to quality. Oats have been arriving quite freely and prices are lower, with a moderate demand. The sales of No. 1 and extra white have been at 59@61c; No. 2 white at 57½@58 and No. 2 mixed and No. 3 white at 55¾@56 per bush. In Rye the sales have been at 78@80c per bush. Shorts have been selling at $21 00 and 21 50 Fine Feed and Middlings at $22 00@24 per ton. Cotton Seed Meal $26 00@27 per ton.

PROVISIONS—The pork market is firm. The sales of prime clear at $16 50@17 00 for prime; $19 50@20 00 for mess; and $21 00@23 00 for clear, including backs. Beef sells at $11 00@14 00 per bbl. for mess, $11 00@14 00 for extra mess, and $14 50@17 00 per bbl. for extra plate and family. Lard is firm. Sales at 11¾@12c per lb., for city and Western Smoked Hams are selling at 12½@13½c per lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE—In butter sales, Western and Northern creameries have been at 27@28c fine fall creamery at 30c. and early makes at 20@25c per lb. Northern dairy at 20@27 and best winter at 20c. Fresh made Western ladle packed at 15@16c. Cheese is in demand. Sales of choice at 14@14¾c; fair to good at 12@13¼ and common and skim at 6@10c per lb. Eggs have been selling at 21½@22½c. for Eastern and Western Beans are in steady demand. The sales of choice pea beans have been at $2 45@2 50; choice mediums at $2 30@2 35; yellow eyes at 3 40@3 45. Red Kidneys are selling in small lots at $3 50@3 55 per bush. Choice Canada peas are selling at $1 10@1 15, and common at 85c@95 per bush. Potatoes have been in demand. We quote Eastern Rose at 95c@98; Northern Rose at 95@98c; Prolifics at 90c@93; Pearless and at 85@85.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 18.

APPLES—Green 4 00@4 50 per bbl; No. 2 $2 25@2 50.

BEANS—Pea beans $3 00@3 10; Yellow Eyes $3 10@3 25. German beans 2 20@2 30.

BUTTER—Good Firkin Butter sells for 18@23; Ball Butter 20@25.

CHEESE—New 13½@14½c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 60 per cwt.

EGGS—17@18c per dozen.

FLOUR—$6 50@9 50 per bbl.

GRAIN—Corn 80; oats 60; barley 75c.

HAY—$10 00@12 00; pressed $13@15.

STRAW—loose $6@8; pressed $8@10.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 20@25 per pound.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 5½@8½c, dividing on 90 pounds; wool skins 50@1 25c; calf skins 13c; deacons 25@35c; shearlings 15@20c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10@1 15 per cask; cement $2 00; plaster, $6@6 50.

LARD—12@12¼c.

MEAL—Corn 75@78; rye $1 15@1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 95@1 00 cents per bushel; onions $1 30@1 50 per bushel; cabbages $3.00 per hundred lbs.; Squash $4.50 @5 00 per hundred lbs; Sweet Potatoes, 3 75@4 00.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 11@11¾c; beef per side 9@10c; ham 12½@13½c; fowls 15@18c; lamb 8½@9c; mutton 8½@9c; veal 10@11c; chickens 18@20c; round hog 8½@9c; sausages 14c; turkeys 18@20c; geese, 14@15c; ducks, 12@15c.

SHORTS—$26@27 per ton.

GROUND PLASTER—Sells at $5 00@5 50 per ton.

WOOL—Washed 30@33c; unwashed 25.

Apples are not very plenty. Choice No 1 Baldwins have sold as high as $4.50 per bushel during the past week. Fancy dried apples are scarce and readily command 9c. per pound. Eggs are coming in very plenty and bring 17@18c. per. dozen. Beef, domestic and western, choice sides 10@10½ hinds 11¼@12½c. fores 7¼@8c. and rumps and loins 13@15c.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 18.

APPLES—Evaporated, 18@19; dried Western, 9@9¼; do Eastern, 7@7¼. Eating apples, $4 00@4 50 per bbl.

BUTTER—24@26c for choice family; Vermont, 25@28c per lb.

BEANS—Pea $3 00@3 15; Yellow Eyes $3 25@3 30.

CHEESE—Me. and Vermont Factory new 14½@16c; N. Y. Factory, 14½@16.

COAL—Stove and Egg $6 50@7 00.

FLOUR—Superfine $3 25@4 25; Spring X and XX $5 25@6 25; Michigan Winter X and XX $6 25@6 75; Common Michigan, $5 75@6 25; St. Louis winter patents $7 25@7 75.

FISH—Cod Ship's $6 00@6 25; Shore $6 50@6 75; Herring $5 00@5 75; Scaled per bx 23@27c; Mackerel per bbl. Shore No. 2 $11 75@13 00.

GRAIN—Corn, car lots 73c; oats 58c; cotton seed, car lots $28 00; cotton seed, bag lots $30 00; sacked bran, car lot ——@24 00; sacked bran, bag lots $28 00; middlings, car lots $26 00; middlings, bag lots $28 00; rye, $1 30.

LARD—Per tierce 12@12½c per lb; per tub 12½@12¾c; pail 12½@13.

PROVISIONS—Fowl 16@18; chickens, 18@20c; turkeys 24c; eggs 20@21 cents; potatoes 85@90 per bushel; Chicago extra beef $13 50@14 00; pork backs $23 50@24 00; clear $22 50@23 00; hams 13@13½.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY. April 18.

APPLES—Baldwin, per bbl., $3 75@4 22. Greening, per bbl., $3 75@4 25.

BEANS—Yellow Eyes $3 00@3 10 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $3 00@3 10.

BUTTER—Best, 23@25c per lb; fair to good, 18@20; good, 20@22c per lb.

EGGS—18c per doz.

GRAIN—Oats 57c @60 per bush; corn 84c.

HAY—$10@11 per ton; pressed @11@12.

POTATOES—Early Rose, per bushel, 72@80. Burbank, 70@75c.

PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, 9@9¾; chickens 17@18c; turkeys 22@25c.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY. April 17.

BEEF CATTLE—Receipts 1655 head; market active; sales of Beef Cattle—choice at $6 00@6 50; extra at 9 25@9 55; first quality at $7 50@9 00; second quality at $5 75@7 25; third quality at $4 50@5 25.

STORE CATTLE—Working Oxen per pair at $100@250; milch cows and calves at $20@48; yearling $12@21; two years, $18@36; three years, $25@45; Farrow Cows, $18@34; fancy, $50@80.

SWINE — Receipts 9,690 Western fat Swine, live, 7½@8¾; Northern dressed hogs at 9¾@10.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts 3095 head; sales of sheep in lots $3 00@5 50 each; extra $6 00@7 00; lambs 6¾@8¾; Veal calves 3@6½.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, April 17.

United States Sixes, '67's,	(reg.)	103⅞
" " 5's	(reg.)	103
" " New 4½'s	(reg.)	113⅝
" "	(coup.)	113⅝
" " New 4's (reg.)		119⅝
" "	(coup.)	119⅝
" " Pacific 6's '95.		127

James Marshall & Co., large iron pipe manufacturers, of Pittsburg, Pa., have made an assignment for the benefit of their creditors. Liabilities, $1,500,000; assets, about $1,250,000. The failure was caused by too extensive speculation in pig iron.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate for Nervousness

Dr. H. N. D. Parker, Chicago, says: "I have thoroughly tested it in nervous diseases, dyspepsia and general debility, and in every case could see great benefit from its use."

Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

Good health is the greatest of fortunes; no remedy has so often restored this prize to the suffering, as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of April, 1883.*

AMANDA S. BUTLER, widow of Melville H. Butler, late of Monmouth, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of May next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 22*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of April, 1883.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will an testament of Seth Wentworth, late of China, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of said deceased.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of April, 1883.*

J. W. PATTERSON, Special Administrator on the estate of Samuel Wood, late of August, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 22*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of Samuel Wood late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

April 9, 1883. JOHN GOWEL.

ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 22*

A GOOD ODD FELLOW.

MR. CUTLER, OF 21 LYONS ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—HOW HE TAKES LIFE EASY NOW, AND HOW HE OBTAINED THE MEANS TO REGAIN HIS HEALTH.

Mr. Cutler, of 21 Lyons St., is a faithful Odd Fellow, and for forty years a member of Quinipiac Lodge No. 1, (the oldest organization of its kind in the State of Conn.) He is a man much respected in New Haven. Your reporter found him at his pleasant home on Lyons street one afternoon, taking life easy. "You see," he says, "I'm trying to make myself feel a little indisposed. I presume its the lingering results of a Lodge dinner which I attended a while ago down at the beach. I have been, as many of my friends in New Haven know, a sufferer for years from indigestion and biliousness. When I have indulged in too hearty food I've had to suffer at times extremely. As a result I've had to place myself under my physician's care often, and I have taken a great many remedies, but I find after a thorough trial that Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is the most excellent medicine I have ever had knowledge of for any of the disorders above mentioned. It leaves no exhaustive effects, but rather strengthens and regulates the digestive organs in a charming manner. We keep it as a household medicine, and I have recommended it to my friends, for it is an excellent preparation."

Mr. Cutler is a man whose word can be depended upon. His testimony is but a re-echo of the words of thousands in New England who have received relief from the sole use of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. Apr

"AN WONDERFULLY IMPROVED."

A gentleman in Coal City, Pa., who was in the first stages of consumption, having night sweats, cough and expectoration streaked with blood, with loss of flesh, ordered a Compound Oxygen Treatment in June last. In a letter dated August 20th, he makes this very favorable report: "*I am wonderfully improved*, and when I look back on those hours of suffering at the commencement of your treatment, I can hardly believe my eyes I am increasing in flesh and strength, AND MY LUNGS ARE WONDERFULLY DEVELOPED If not quite well. * * * Last Saturday I walked up a high hill on my way home without coughing once, a thing I have not done since last March." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, SENT FREE. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 & 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Special Notices.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 9 106 Wall St., New York.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This grand remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.* 1y3

Married.

In this city, April 12, Geo. H. Harvey to Lizzie M. Merrill.

In Bangor, April 10, Mary A. Stetson, daughter of Hon. George Stetson of Bangor, to Thomas E. Taylor of New York city.

In Belfast, Fred W. Fletcher of Castine to Isabel J. French of Belfast.

In Charlestown, Mass., Mar. 17, J. A. Staples of Boston to Catharine E. Moore of Ellsworth.

In East Sullivan, April 7, Chas. F. Robertson to Lizzie E. Hanna, both of Sullivan.

In Eastbrook, Mar. 27, Robert B. Lowrie to Mary E. Smith

In Edmunds, Mar. 31, Randolph Wilder of Edmunds to Annie M. McCormick of Marion.

In Fort Fairfield, April 9, James Lindsey to Jane Murphy, both of Easton.

In Hallowell, April 16, A. W. Bean to Nannie M. Bowden, both of Augusta; George A. Emery to Mrs Laura A. Emery, both of Augusta.

In Lincoln, April 8, Charles Kimball to Ida J. Hatch, both of Woodville.

In Lubec, April 1, Chester E. Trefry to Hattie J. Clark.

In Manchester, N. H., April 10, John Gannon, Jr. to S. Helen Brown, formerly of Waterville, Me.

Died.

In this city, Mar. 31, Emma H. Arnold, aged 20 years; April 8, Mrs. Mary Allen, aged 46 years; Apr. 15, Hugh R. Swallow.

In Bangor, Apr. 19, Effie F. Johnson, aged ½ year; Apr. 11, Linwood E. Johnson, aged 5 years; Apr. 11, Mrs. Jane Gould, aged 74¾ years; Apr. 10, Mrs. Nancy F. Ewer.

In Bucksport Centre, Apr. 6, Capt. Littleton Reed, aged 85 years.

In Brewer Village, Apr. 12, Charles M. Goodwin, aged 47 years.

In Brewer, Apr. 12, Mary F. Getchell, aged 1 year.

In Bluehill, Apr. 8, Albert A. Clay, aged 33 years.

In Birch Harbor, Apr. 6, Abbie E. Bickford, aged 21¾ years.

In Caribou, Apr. 9, Mrs. Cynthia Haywood formerly of Turner, aged 39 years; Apr. 6, Kari Clifton, only child of John and Maud Gerald, aged ¾ years.

In Cambridgeport, Apr. 10, Mrs. Alvina D. Brewer, aged 30 years.

In Eastport, Apr. 8, Robert Barret, aged 48¾ years.

In Hampden, Apr. 14, David Brown, aged 70¾ years.

$28.00

FOR SALE.—A second-hand open wagon, good style and repair. Owner has no use for it. Call at Mr. Potter's, School Street, East side.

Augusta, April 17, 1883. 1t22*

WANTED.

A competent, single man to work on a farm. Steady place and good wages to the right party. Give reference of last employer and address

3t22 P. O. BOX 1034 Worcester, Mass.

DANIEL BOONE.

Record 2.21; Trial to wagon 2.26. The best bred and fastest Hambletonian Stallion (by the record) in Maine. Will make the season at Skowhegan. Send for circular for terms, etc. H. A. ARCHER.

8t25 High St., Skowhegan, Me.

Will Dig FIVE HUNDRED Bushels a Day. Price, $12. Manufactured by *Mann & Bartholomew*, Geneva, Kane Co., Ill. Over one thousand now in use. Common Sense POTATO DIGGER. Improved for 1883.

18t22eow

Webster's Unabridged 118,000 Words, 3,000 Engravings, &c., &c., &c.

"A LIBRARY IN ITSELF."

An ever-present and reliable school master to the whole family.—*S. S. Herald.*

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass. 1t22

WANTED.

A capable girl to do housework in a small family

Address R. D. BROWN, Vassalboro.

April 16, 1883. 3t22*

CALVES and COWS prevented sucking, by each other; also, SELF-SUCKING, by Rice's Patent Mal. Iron Weaner. Used by all Stock Raisers Prices by mail, postpaid. For calves till 1 year old, 50c; till 2 years old, 60c; older $1.13. Circulars free. Agents wanted. H. G. RICE,

3t22† Easthampton, Mass.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of April, 1883.*

EVERETT M. DOW, Guardian of Betsey Andrews, of China, in said County, insane, having presented his first and final account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said account should not be allowed.

EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*

ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3t22*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of April, 1883.*

A BEAUTIFUL KNAPSACK, commemorative of General Putnam's famous feat at Horseneck, will be GIVEN AWAY, FREE, to every one who purchases No. 25 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, and you will get with it, by MAIL, A KNAPSACK FREE.

STREET & SMITH,

31 Rose St., New York. 2t21

30 DAY'S TRIAL FREE!

We send free on 30 day's trial Dr Dye's Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances TO MEN suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and Kindred Troubles. Also for Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and many other diseases. Speedy cures guaranteed. Illustrated pamphlets free. Address 1y381 VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y. 26t50

WANTED.

Energetic and intelligent men, to solicit orders this coming season, for Nursery Stock, consisting of Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, and all the small fruits; Rose Bushes, Shrubbery, Ornamental Trees, &c. Experience not essential. Good inducements to men of mature age and good business ability. Apply by letter and state age and name references.

13t15 S. T. CANNON, Augusta, Me.

FISTULA AND PILES CURED WITHOUT the use of the Knife.

WILLIAM READ, M. D., (Harvard, 1842,) and ROBERT M. READ, M. D., (Harvard, 1876,) 41 Somerset Street, Boston, give special attention to the treatment of FISTULA, PILES AND ALL DISEASES OF THE RECTUM, without detention from business. Abundant references given. Pamphlets sent on application. 1y18

Office Hours:—12 to 4 o'clock, P. M., (except Sundays).

"Meadow King Mower."

WE WANT 1000 more BOOK AGENTS For Gen. DODGE'S & Gen. SHERMAN'S Best New Book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG OUR WILD INDIANS.

Introduction by *Gen. Sherman.* Superb illustrations. This great work was subscribed for by Chester Arthur, Gen. Grant, and hundreds of eminent men, and ordered at the most Valuable and Thrilling book ever written. It tells life stories, as it has placed more copies in every county than any book ever printed. Send for Circular, *Extra Terms*, Specimen Plate, etc., *all free.* Add. A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn. 1y22

California Excursion.

PARTIES under the supervision of A. Phillips & Co., as Managers of the Los Angeles Land and Emigration Association, will leave Boston for California, May 16 and June 20, and will be followed by parties later. Dates to be advertised hereafter. For full information, address A. PHILLIPS & CO., 350 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. 6t20

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BOOMER & BOSCHERT PRESS CO. SYRACUSE, N.Y. or 210 Fulton St., New York. 1y22

HEEBNER'S Improved DRAG SAW Machine!

For sawing logs of any size into firewood. Attached to our Level Tread Power it will saw more wood than can be done by any other machine in use, and with less labor. Send for illustrated catalogues.

HEEBNER & SONS, 1tf LANSDALE, PA.

VICK'S Flower Seeds

And Catalogues for 1883, at PARTRIDGE'S DRUG STORE.

WOVEN WIRE BEDS,

Durable, Easy. Just the thing for Farmers. FRED ATWOOD, Winterport, Me. Large Orders solicited. 13t17

CULTIVATORS.

Iron Frame, Adjustable, Steel, Reversible Teeth. Very low. Wholesale and Retail. FRED ATWOOD, Winterport. Me. 13t17

GIVEN AWAY.

MOSS ROSE DECORATED TEA SETS, French China Gold Band Tea Sets, Stone China Dinner Sets, and hundreds of other Premiums to persons getting up TEA CLUBS. Send postal card for Catalogue, including 5 one cent songs FREE. 3m21

AMOY TEA CO., 283 Broadway, Providence, R. I.

Patrons Androscoggin Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

The cheapest, reliable insurance company in Maine. Address the Secretary at East Auburn. Me. 1y21

RUFUS PRINCE, Pres. F. A. ALLEN, Secy.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. True & Co., Augusta, Me.

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CUANO CO.

OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS., MANUFACTURERS & COMPOUNDERS OF

COMPLETE MANURES,

High Class and of Full Strength, for general and special purposes.

THE

BAY STATE FERTILIZER,

High Grade, Complete Manure.

The grades of Fertilizers that we shall prepare will be ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF OUR CUSTOMERS, and what LONG EXPERIENCE SUGGESTS. They will be furnished at market prices, REPRESENTING GOOD MATERIALS AND CAREFUL PREPARATION.

The amount of capital invested, and the standing of the Company is a guarantee of itself for HONEST, upright dealing.

Give a trial that these facts may be verified.

Customers can depend on thus securing UNIFORMITY, ACCURACY AND SATISFACTION, not only in condition, but in results.

THOS. M. HART, Treas., New Bedford, Mass.

A. A. MITCHELL, Ag't

FOR MAINE, 383 Commercial St., Portland, Me.

FOR SALE BY—

JAMES E. FULLER, 4t22 Augusta, Me.

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies, to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed. It will act promptly and safely.

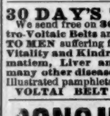
Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging sickness, will speedily yield to its curative power.

43- SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

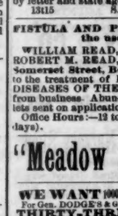
NODHEIM FARM FOR SALE.



This Jersey stock farm is situated on the east side of the Kennebec river, 2 1-4 miles from the centre of the City of Augusta, on the Kennebec road. It contains about 125 acres, about 60 of which is a light, clayey loam, as good as any in the Kennebec valley. Plenty of pasture, wood, timber and water; one fine mineral spring; land near buildings excellent for market gardening; cuts 60 to 70 tons hay; 50 bearing apple trees. There is a large deposit of the finest granite high above an intervale of 10 or 12 acres; very convenient for a quarry. One house of 12 finished rooms, heated by furnace; connected with two large barns—one 80x45, one 36x40 feet—both in good cellars. One house of 8 finished rooms, connected with stable. School house close by. Call at Horace North's Book-store, my house on Grove street, or address

April 16. J. W. NORTH, M. D. 3t22

FOR SALE.



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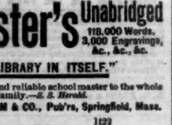

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Poetry.

To My Guardian Angel.

And is there one among God's messengers,
His dear and aimless ones, the bright and free—
One whom no carelessness or sin deters
From loving guardianship and care for me?

O hast thou left thy glorious home in light
To fold thy wings beside my lowly bed,
To keep my rest by day, my rest by night,
With tender guard o'er my unworthy head?

I doubted not in childhood; but, at night,
Waking a moment from some happy dream,
Sat up to search the moonlight, still and white,
Eager to catch thy pinions' silver gleam;

And, clasping childish hands, I spoke to thee
Sweet words of hearty love, in accents clear,
Thinking that, unlike God, thou couldst not see
My thought, but neededst spoken words to hear.

Alas! I've wandered somewhat from the track
Of childhood's holy thoughts and heavenly dreams;
But thou to-night hast called thy wanderer back
From worldly longings and from selfish schemes.

Come near and touch me with thy gentle hand;
Smile on me with thy heavenly eyes serene!
Come near me, O my Angel, where I stand,
And let me speak to thee with none between!

This morning, when I woke, my quiet room
Was all in the sunrise' airy radiance,
Flooded with radiance; and the night's grey gloom
Had fled before it, dying ere it came.

And not the night alone had fled, I dreamed,
But thou, beloved, also. All the air
Was yet astir with the vibrating sound
To sparkle with thy fleeting splendors fair.

A sweet, low music died upon my ear
While scarce I caught its melting melody,
Was it thy whisper? Was it thou, then, so near
That I could almost hear thee—almost see?

When climbing on the rugged mountain side
Where blossoms beckoned from the dangerous height,
My feet on slippery rocks began to slide,
And the depth danced beneath my dazzled sight—

Was it thy hand which interposed so well,
Upholding firmly on the perilous edge,
Whose treacherous moss, dislodged and broken, fell
In soft green masses noiseless o'er the ledge?

Sure it was thou! For danger struck from faith,
As steel strikes sparks from flint, truth's sudden flash,
Unconsciously I spoke, in face of death,
Repeating calm, "Lest thou thy foot shouldst dash

Against a stone, God gives his angels charge
To keep thy ways," and then I turned away,
Scarce knowing that I trod the solemn marge
Of life and death, and owed thee life that day.

And oft, perhaps, thy shield has intervened
To screne my soul from unknown forms of ill,
And thy pure heart has grieved when I have sinned,
And sorrowed o'er my proud and wayward will.

Alas! long years have passed when scarce I thought
Of thee, kind medium of our Father's care,
Nor prized thy tender interest as I ought,
Nor thanked my God for thee in any prayer.

Dear angel! doubted, slighted, oft forgot,
Owning still thy heavenly love unpriced,
With grateful human words rewarded not,
On thee must rest the blessed smile of Christ?

And when the day I long for comes, at last,
When first I tread the wondrous realms of heaven,
When death's unknown, dark and mighty change is past,
And I am safe at home, received, forgiven,

Then, when I've seen the Master face to face,
And kissed those sacred feet which bled for me,
If He accord my simple, earnest plea,
Then, O my angel, I shall look on thee!

Then all thy watchful tendance shall be o'er,
Then will begin companionship full sweet,
Then I shall grieve thy sinless heart no more,
When hand in hand we walk the golden street.

Our Story Teller.

THE FISHERMAN.

It was as calm an evening as ever came from heaven; the air and earth were as tranquil as if no storm from the one had ever disturbed the repose of the other, and even the ocean—that great highway of the world—lay as gentle as if its bosom had never been betrayed; as if no traveler had sunk to death in its embrace.

The sun had gone down, and the pensive twilight would have reigned over nature but for moon, which, like a bright, celestial orbed beauty, the queen of an illimitable world, to smile upon these goodly things of ours, and to give a radiance and glory to all she shone upon.

It was an hour and a scene that led the soul to the contemplation of Him who never ceases to watch over the works He has made, and whose protecting care displays itself alike in the solitude land and the trackless waste of the deceitful sea.

Upon such an evening a group assembled around one of the fishermen's cottages, situated some five miles north of Atlantic City, on the coast of Jersey.

The habitation was built in the true style of the olden time, when comfort was the principal object of the builder. A climber side of the door were scattered the lines and nets and baskets that betokened the owner, and the first man was taking his farewell for the night of his happy, loving family, who were bidding him "God speed" on his voyage. A fine old man was leaning his arms on the railing, and talking to an interesting girl, whose hand lay upon the stout fisherman, dressed in his rough jerkin and large boots that reached far above the knees, who was in the act of kissing a cherub that seemed half terrified at being elevated so high as his father's lips; while the wife and mother, with her infant nursing on her lap, was looking anxiously upon her husband as she breathed the parting blessing, and the prayer for his safe return. A little boy, the miniature of his father in countenance and dress, bearing a huge boat-cloak across his shoulders, and the lantern that was to give light when the moon departed, completed the gourd—if we except a noble Newfoundland dog, some steps in advance of the party, waiting for the word to command his march to a kind of pier, where the fisherman and his boy were to embark.

"Good luck, good luck!" exclaimed the old man. "Good luck, and safe home again, John; I want no more but God's blessing, and that ye may have for asking: but ye may as well take mine too—God bless ye, and good-by to ye."

The blessing was mutually echoed by his kind partner and his children, and whistling as he went, with his boat-hook on his shoulder, his dog Neptune, and his boy following, he trudged along to the beach.

With the earliest dawn of morning the fisherman's family were astir. The elder girl was arranging the little parlor, while the younger was preparing the breakfast table and the mother spreading before the fire the clothes of her husband and her boy. An hour passed, and she grew somewhat uneasy that he remained aboard beyond the usual period of his return. Another hour elapsed, when she said:

"Father, go out to the hillock and try if you can see his sail upon the water; he seldom stays out so long when the sea is calm and the weather fair; my little boy too, was not quite well last night, and this alone would have hastened him home."

The old man went forth, and one by one his grandchildren followed him, until the the mother was left alone, rocking the cradle for her unconscious babe.

After the lapse of another hour her daughter entered with the news that a neighbor, had spoken her father, and that he would be home soon.

"God grant it," she said, and she spoke in a tone of great anxiety. "He never was away so long but once, and that was when he saved the crew of the ship Sea King, and then the whirl of the sinking vessel had nigh made his grave."

Again she stirred the fire and arranged the clothes before it, and poured some hot water into the tea-cups. Still the breakfast remained untouched.

The sun was now soaring to his meridian height, when once more the family assembled in their humble dwelling—the prop of the whole was yet wanting. They sat down to a cheerless meal, the seats at each side of the wife remaining vacant. The old man was the only individual who appeared to anticipate no evil; but he hastily finished his breakfast and went forth.

The noon was rapidly passing, and the sun had already given tokens of the glory of his departure, when the fisherman's wife, having lulled her infant to sleep, went to the hill that commanded an extensive view of the widespread ocean. All the little household assembled on the spot, but no boat was seen upon the waters—nothing that could give hope except the aspect of the waves, which looked too placid to be dangerous.

Their deep dread was no longer concealed; and while the old man paced to and fro, looking earnestly at brief intervals, over the lonely sea, the mother and the daughter were sobbing audibly.

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in God," exclaimed the father.

The sentence was uttered involuntary, but it had its effect.

"Aye," said the mother, "he always trusted in God, and God will not forsake him now."

"Do you remember, Jane," continued the old man, "how often Providence was with me, amid the storm and the wreck, when help from man was far off, and would have been useless if near?

And they cheered and encouraged one another to hope the best, but to submit to the decree of Heaven, whether it came as the gentle dew to nourish, or as the heavy rain to oppress. From that hillock which overlooked the ocean ascended their mingled prayers that God would not leave them desolate.

The fisherman—the object of their hopes and fears—had been very successful during the night, when at daybreak, as he was preparing to return home, he remembered his promise to bring with him some seaweed to manure the potato plot behind his cottage. He was then close to rocks which were only discernible at low water. He pulled for them, on shore, fastened the painter of his boat to a jutting part of a cliff, and took his boat-hook with him. He collected a sufficient quantity of the weed, but in his eagerness to obtain it had wandered from the landing place, when he heard his boy loudly hallooing, and exclaiming that the painter was loose.

He rushed instantly toward the boat, which was then several yards off. The boy vainly endeavoring to use both the oars, and Neptune, the faithful dog, was running backward and forward, howling fearfully, as if conscious of his master's danger, at one moment about to plunge into the waves to join him, and the next licking the face and hands of the child, as if he foresaw that for him his protection was most needed.

The fisherman at once perceived the desperate nature of his situation. The tide, he knew, was coming in rapidly, and his hope of escape was at an end when he perceived that his boy, in an effort to use the oars, had let one of them fall overboard.

"Father, father!" exclaimed the poor lad, "what shall I do!"

The boat was at this instant so distant that his distracted parent could scarcely hear the words, but he called out to him as loud as he could to trust in the God of the fatherless.

He then stood resigned to the fate which he felt awaited him, and watched the drifting boat that bore the child from the fatal rocks. He had offered up a brief prayer to the throne of mercy, when in an instant a light broke upon his mind.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "I may yet be saved."

With the energy of hope battling with despair he collected all the stones around him and heaped them rapidly upon the highest edge of the rock; it was, indeed, wonderful, how he could have gathered so many in so short a time; the Almighty gave strength to his arm, and he was laboring, not for life merely, but for beings still dearer to him.

The tide came on, on, on, and soon obliged him to abandon his work. He then mounted the pile he had heaped, planting his boat hook firmly in one of the crevices of the cliff, and prepared to struggle for existence; but his heart failed him when he considered how slight was the possibility that the waters would not rise above his head. Still he determined to do all he could to preserve life. The waves were not rough, and the boat hook supported him.

The awful moment rapidly approached; the water had reached his knees; but he stood firmly and prayed that he might be saved.

On, on it came, slowly and gently, but more fearful than if it had raged round its destined prey; soon it reached his waist, and then he prayed that it might go no higher. On, on it came, and his shoulders were covered; hope died within him and he thought of himself no longer, but of those who were so dear to him—his wife, his children, and his father—it was for blessing on them that he then implored Heaven.

Still on it came, and he was forced to raise his head to keep as long as possible from death; his reason was almost gone, his breath grew feeble, his limbs chill, he panted and his prayers became almost gurgling murmurs. The blood rushed to his head; his eye-balls glared as if they would start from their sockets. He closed them with an effort, and thought for the last time, on the home that would soon be so wretched. Horrible images were before him; each swell of the wave seemed as if the fiends were forcing him downward, and the cry of the sea-birds was like their yells over their victim. He was gasping, choking, for he had not strength to keep his head above the waves; every moment they were splashed upon it and each convulsive start that followed only aroused him to the consciousness that the next plunge would be his last.

Wonderful powers! At the very moment when the strength and spirit of a man had left him and the cold shudder of death had come on, he felt that the tide rose no higher. His eyes opened, closed, and a fearful laugh troubled the waters. They eddied in his throat, and the bubbles floated around like lips, but those no higher—God only knew; again and again his bosom heaved with a deep throb as he drew in his breath and gave it forth anew in agony. A minute had passed since the salt touched his lips. This was impossible if the tide still flowed; he could reason so much. He opened his eyes and faintly murmured forth: "O God, be merciful!"

The flow of the ocean had indeed ceased. There he still stood, motionless, but praying and weeping, thinking of his beloved home, and hoping that his place there might not be forever vacant. The waters in a short time subsided, and he was enabled to stretch his chilled limbs, and then to warm them by exercise.

Soon the rock was bare as dry as before, and the fisherman knelt down upon that desolate spot among the billows and hid his face in his hands. He was saved, and the reunited family rejoiced.

The Dignity of Labor.

I have noticed that the slender brook which carries the mill is more musical on Sunday than on any other day; because the mill stands still, and the brook having nothing to do with its water gurgles over the dam, and makes a thousand times more merry noise than on any other day. But Monday comes, and the gates are hoisted, and the mill runs, and the brook is not so musical; but the mill is more so. This mill did nothing on Sunday, and the brook is doing more on Monday than it did on Sunday. It played on Sunday, but it works on Monday. And Christians, as it were, play in the spirit, and have a holy jollity on Sunday. It is a holiday for them. Nor would I undervalue their experience or joy. But I say that they are not so busy when they sing and pray and rejoice in the sanctuary as when by the power of some moral emotion, they are combating temptation, and resisting pride, and overcoming seifishness, and building again the kingdoms of this world with the holy stones of the New Jerusalem. Then when piety costs; when it means bearing, heroism and achievement; not then when it seeks joy, but when it seeks battle—then men are nearest to God, and most like Christ. When a man stands upon the deck, and at the bench, and by the forge, and in the furrow, and in the colliery, then, if ever, if he has a life to live of true piety, is the time; and there at the post of duty is the place. For all the humblest avocations and employments are so arranged that while they serve to support the actor, they do a hundred times as much for the community, as they do for him that follows them. It is unfortunate that our habits of thought have not been more christianized, and that our phrase has not been converted, as well as the people who use it. For we are accustomed to speak of trades, various manual employments and professions, in their lowest relations. If we speak of the carpenter's business, it is either as a toil or a support; and these in their relative positions are not unworthy of consideration; but that is not the whole, nor the half; that is the least part. What a man himself derives from the cunning craft that he pursues is not half so much as what he gives by it.

The carpenter that builds a mansion, rearing it through the whole season, receives a few thousand dollars, and is supposed to be well paid, and is himself well satisfied. And men seem to think that it is the whole he has done. He has worked diligently during the summer; he has earned his thousands to support his family, and perhaps a thousand or two is laid up for the time to come. And what has he done? Earned his money? Yes, he has earned his money, but he has built a mansion in which a family shall be sheltered for a hundred years. He has built a temple where the old patriarch shall offer sacrifice and incense of devotion in the presence of many coming generations. He has built the walls where social joy shall be. Here is the room that grief shall fill with funeral, and here is the room that joy shall fill with wedding. Here is the room where children shall sport through the whole livelong year. Here are the threads of life, dark and light, gold and silver, or black, to be wrought out and woven together. And here when he is dead and his children die, his work stands, and is the home of peace and comfort and piety—the very temple of God. He built one, and ten, and twenty, and it may be a hundred of such dwellings; and he got what? A few pitiful thousands of dollars. And he gave what? He gave the community benefits, opportunities, instruments, influences. In his skill, in his mind, are incarnated in timber or in metal, he gave to the community priceless gifts. And are we to take these precious inwardnesses of men which are imbedded in their labor, and to think of them only in the poor, pitiful light of pelf, of what they brought back to the pocket, and not of what through them, the man brought back to the community?

Why that old smith, rugged himself almost as the storms he prepares to combat, hammers morn and night on the links that form the chain which clasps the cable. It may be as in olden time, yet more ponderously, that he in the smithy works on the huge shank of the anchor; and when his summer's work or winter's toil is done, and it is sold for the ship, men ask him: "What got you for your labor?" Nobody ever thinks of saying to him: "You have worked a whole winter to make a gift; what have you given to the community?" What has he given? It may not be known for a long time. On voyage after voyage the ship goes, and there lies his gift, useless and unrespected. Some day the ship bears back a thousand precious souls, among them mothers whose families are at home waiting for them to return; fathers, who can not be spared from the neighborhood; public men of signal service—the very salt of the times in which they live; heroes and patriots many. Then it is that the storm beats down and seeks to whelm them all in the sea, and to whelm the community in mourning. Then it is that, when every other effort has been made in vain, the anchor is thrown out. And now the storm rages with increased violence, as if it were yet more angry because it is thwarted. But the good blacksmith's work holds. Sinking far out of sight and grappling the foundations of the earth, it will not let go, and we, for the first time see the value of his gift. Every link has been properly welded; and, though the wind howls, and the sea wages a fierce and desperate battle, and the strain is tremendous, the storm passes by and three rides the gallant ship safe! That is what he gave. He gave a chain an anchor to the community, and salvation to hundreds on board the ship, and joy and peace where the tidings come of souls saved from the remorseless deep. And yet how many men think simply that he made an anchor, and got so many hundred dollars for it? He made an anchor and saved a hundred lives.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

SOME OF GEN. GRANT'S EXPERIENCES.—Gen. Grant, in a recent conversation, said: "The darkest day of my life was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion put down in the field, and starting up again in the gutters; we had fought it as war, now we had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was killed on the evening of the 14th of April. I was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theater, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the President a note came from Mrs. Grant saying that she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see her children. Some incident of a trifling nature had made her resolve to leave that evening. I was glad to have it so as I did not want to go to the theater. So I made my excuses to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania avenue a horseman drove past us on a gallop, and back again around our carriage, looking into it. Mrs. Grant said: "There is the man who sat near us at lunch to-day, with some other men, and tried to overhear our conversation. He was so rude that we left the dining-room. Here he is now riding after us." I thought it was only curiosity, but learned afterward that the horseman was Booth. It seemed that I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave changed the plan. A few days after I received an anonymous letter from a man saying that he had been detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and, as my car was locked, he failed to get in. He thanked God that he had failed. I remembered that the conductor locked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train and came on to Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life."

Richmond had fallen into the hands of the Federal forces the Cabinet-room of the capitol was kept in exactly the same condition as when occupied by Jeff. Davis. President Lincoln, it will be remembered, arrived the day after the surrender, and while walking through the building, inspecting the headquarters of the Confederacy, came to this room. Godfrey Weitzell, who was in charge, said: "Mr. President, this is the chair occupied by President Davis," and motioned the President to sit down. It was a trying moment, and those present expected to see a look of triumph in his face as he performed the act which signalized the complete downfall of the rebellion. Mr. Lincoln approached wearily, sat down without a word, and as his great head fell into his broad hands there was an oppressive silence. His mind seemed to be wandering back through the dark years of bloodshed and carnage. He saw visions of death, broken family circles, loss of treasure, and the little mounds that dot the South, under which sleep the Northern dead. He did not utter a word, but heaved a deep sigh, and to this day, the warriors who stood in his presence at that time tell the story with tears in their eyes.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

Plantation Philosophy: Nature is de mudder ob de chile, but edycation is de mudder ob de man.—Some men may das de human family is a fraud. Dese men is sorter loose demselves.—De law ob de State only axes a man ter do half way right; de law ob de soul tells him to do all de way right.—De man what is ashamed ob be fack dat he's growin' ole acknowledges dat his work has been badly performed.—It is impossible for a man ter git nothing ter do with its water gurgles, over de dam, and makes a thousand times more merry noise than on any other day. But Monday comes, and the gates are hoisted, and the mill runs, and the brook is not so musical; but the mill is more so. This mill did nothing on Sunday, and the brook is doing more on Monday than it did on Sunday. It played on Sunday, but it works on Monday. And Christians, as it were, play in the spirit, and have a holy jollity on Sunday. It is a holiday for them. Nor would I undervalue their experience or joy. But I say that they are not so busy when they sing and pray and rejoice in the sanctuary as when by the power of some moral emotion, they are combating temptation, and resisting pride, and overcoming seifishness, and building again the kingdoms of this world with the holy stones of the New Jerusalem. Then when piety costs; when it means bearing, heroism and achievement; not then when it seeks joy, but when it seeks battle—then men are nearest to God, and most like Christ. When a man stands upon the deck, and at the bench, and by the forge, and in the furrow, and in the colliery, then, if ever, if he has a life to live of true piety, is the time; and there at the post of duty is the place. For all the humblest avocations and employments are so arranged that while they serve to support the actor, they do a hundred times as much for the community, as they do for him that follows them. It is unfortunate that our habits of thought have not been more christianized, and that our phrase has not been converted, as well as the people who use it. For we are accustomed to speak of trades, various manual employments and professions, in their lowest relations. If we speak of the carpenter's business, it is either as a toil or a support; and these in their relative positions are not unworthy of consideration; but that is not the whole, nor the half; that is the least part. What a man himself derives from the cunning craft that he pursues is not half so much as what he gives by it.

The carpenter that builds a mansion, rearing it through the whole season, receives a few thousand dollars, and is supposed to be well paid, and is himself well satisfied. And men seem to think that it is the whole he has done. He has worked diligently during the summer; he has earned his thousands to support his family, and perhaps a thousand or two is laid up for the time to come. And what has he done? Earned his money? Yes, he has earned his money, but he has built a mansion in which a family shall be sheltered for a hundred years. He has built a temple where the old patriarch shall offer sacrifice and incense of devotion in the presence of many coming generations. He has built the walls where social joy shall be. Here is the room that grief shall fill with funeral, and here is the room that joy shall fill with wedding. Here is the room where children shall sport through the whole livelong year. Here are the threads of life, dark and light, gold and silver, or black, to be wrought out and woven together. And here when he is dead and his children die, his work stands, and is the home of peace and comfort and piety—the very temple of God. He built one, and ten, and twenty, and it may be a hundred of such dwellings; and he got what? A few pitiful thousands of dollars. And he gave what? He gave the community benefits, opportunities, instruments, influences. In his skill, in his mind, are incarnated in timber or in metal, he gave to the community priceless gifts. And are we to take these precious inwardnesses of men which are imbedded in their labor, and to think of them only in the poor, pitiful light of pelf, of what they brought back to the pocket, and not of what through them, the man brought back to the community?

Why that old smith, rugged himself almost as the storms he prepares to combat, hammers morn and night on the links that form the chain which clasps the cable. It may be as in olden time, yet more ponderously, that he in the smithy works on the huge shank of the anchor; and when his summer's work or winter's toil is done, and it is sold for the ship, men ask him: "What got you for your labor?" Nobody ever thinks of saying to him: "You have worked a whole winter to make a gift; what have you given to the community?" What has he given? It may not be known for a long time. On voyage after voyage the ship goes, and there lies his gift, useless and unrespected. Some day the ship bears back a thousand precious souls, among them mothers whose families are at home waiting for them to return; fathers, who can not be spared from the neighborhood; public men of signal service—the very salt of the times in which they live; heroes and patriots many. Then it is that the storm beats down and seeks to whelm them all in the sea, and to whelm the community in mourning. Then it is that, when every other effort has been made in vain, the anchor is thrown out. And now the storm rages with increased violence, as if it were yet more angry because it is thwarted. But the good blacksmith's work holds. Sinking far out of sight and grappling the foundations of the earth, it will not let go, and we, for the first time see the value of his gift. Every link has been properly welded; and, though the wind howls, and the sea wages a fierce and desperate battle, and the strain is tremendous, the storm passes by and three rides the gallant ship safe! That is what he gave. He gave a chain an anchor to the community, and salvation to hundreds on board the ship, and joy and peace where the tidings come of souls saved from the remorseless deep. And yet how many men think simply that he made an anchor, and got so many hundred dollars for it? He made an anchor and saved a hundred lives.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

SOME OF GEN. GRANT'S EXPERIENCES.—Gen. Grant, in a recent conversation, said: "The darkest day of my life was the day I heard of Lincoln's assassination. I did not know what it meant. Here was the rebellion put down in the field, and starting up again in the gutters; we had fought it as war, now we had to fight it as assassination. Lincoln was killed on the evening of the 14th of April. I was busy sending out orders to stop recruiting, the purchase of supplies, and to muster out the army. Lincoln had promised to go to the theater, and wanted me to go with him. While I was with the President a note came from Mrs. Grant saying that she must leave Washington that night. She wanted to go to Burlington to see her children. Some incident of a trifling nature had made her resolve to leave that evening. I was glad to have it so as I did not want to go to the theater. So I made my excuses to Lincoln, and at the proper hour we started for the train. As we were driving along Pennsylvania avenue a horseman drove past us on a gallop, and back again around our carriage, looking into it. Mrs. Grant said: "There is the man who sat near us at lunch to-day, with some other men, and tried to overhear our conversation. He was so rude that we left the dining-room. Here he is now riding after us." I thought it was only curiosity, but learned afterward that the horseman was Booth. It seemed that I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave changed the plan. A few days after I received an anonymous letter from a man saying that he had been detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grace, and, as my car was locked, he failed to get in. He thanked God that he had failed. I remembered that the conductor locked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train and came on to Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life."

Richmond had fallen into the hands of the Federal forces the Cabinet-room of the capitol was kept in exactly the same condition as when occupied by Jeff. Davis. President Lincoln, it will be remembered, arrived the day after the surrender, and while walking through the building, inspecting the headquarters of the Confederacy, came to this room. Godfrey Weitzell, who was in charge, said: "Mr. President, this is the chair occupied by President Davis," and motioned the President to sit down. It was a trying moment, and those present expected to see a look of triumph in his face as he performed the act which signalized the complete downfall of the rebellion. Mr. Lincoln approached wearily, sat down without a word, and as his great head fell into his broad hands there was an oppressive silence. His mind seemed to be wandering back through the dark years of bloodshed and carnage. He saw visions of death, broken family circles, loss of treasure, and the little mounds that dot the South, under which sleep the Northern dead. He did not utter a word, but heaved a deep sigh, and to this day, the warriors who stood in his presence at that time tell the story with tears in their eyes.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

Plantation Philosophy: Nature is de mudder ob de chile, but edycation is de mudder ob de man.—Some men may das de human family is a fraud. Dese men is sorter loose demselves.—De law ob de State only axes a man ter do half way right; de law ob de soul tells him to do all de way right.—De man what is ashamed ob be fack dat he's growin' ole acknowledges dat his work has been badly performed.—It is impossible for a man ter git nothing ter do with its water gurgles, over de dam, and makes a thousand times more merry noise than on any other day. But Monday comes, and the gates are hoisted, and the mill runs, and the brook is not so musical; but the mill is more so. This mill did nothing on Sunday, and the brook is doing more on Monday than it did on Sunday. It played on Sunday, but it works on Monday. And Christians, as it were, play in the spirit, and have a holy jollity on Sunday. It is a holiday for them. Nor would I undervalue their experience or joy. But I say that they are not so busy when they sing and pray and rejoice in the sanctuary as when by the power of some moral emotion, they are combating temptation, and resisting pride, and overcoming seifishness, and building again the kingdoms of this world with the holy stones of the New Jerusalem. Then when piety costs; when it means bearing, heroism and achievement; not then when it seeks joy, but when it seeks battle—then men are nearest to God, and most like Christ. When a man stands upon the deck, and at the bench, and by the forge, and in the furrow, and in the colliery, then, if ever, if he has a life to live of true piety, is the time; and there at the post of duty is the place. For all the humblest avocations and employments are so arranged that while they serve to support the actor, they do a hundred times as much for the community, as they do for him that follows them. It is unfortunate that our habits of thought have not been more christianized, and that our phrase has not been converted, as well as the people who use it. For we are accustomed to speak of trades, various manual employments and professions, in their lowest relations. If

Young Folks' Column.

The First Step.

To-night as the tender gleaming
Was sinking in evening's gloom,
And only the glow of the firelight
Brightened the dark'ning room,
I laughed with the gay heart-gladness
That only to mother is known,
For the beautiful brown-eyed baby
Took his first step alone!

Hurriedly running to meet him
Came trooping the household band,
Joyous, loving and eager
To reach him a helping hand,
To watch him with silent rapture,
To cheer him with happy noise—
My one little fair-faced daughter
And four brown romping boys.

Leaving the sheltering arms
That fain would bid him rest
Close to the love and the longing,
Near to the mother's breast;
Wild with laughter and daring,
Looking askance at me,
He stumbled across through the shadows
To rest at his father's knee.

Baby, my dainty darling,
Stepping so brave and bright,
With flutter and face and ribbon,
Out of my arms to-night,
Helped in thy pretty ambition
With tenderness blessed to see,
Sheltered, upheld and protected,
How will the last step be?

See, we are all beside you,
Urging and beckoning on,
Watching, lest aught betide you
Till the safe, near goal is won,
Guiding the fairing footsteps
That tremble and fear to fall;
How will it be, my darling,
With the last sad step of all?

Nay! Shall I dare to question,
Knowing that One more fond
Than all our tenderest loving
Will guide the weak feet beyond!
And knowing beside, my dearest,
That whenever the summons, 't will be
But a stumbling step through the shadows,
Then rest—at the Father's knee!

SUBDUED ONLY BY DEATH. Pilot, the ferocious monster elephant who took rank next to Jumbo in point of size on this side of the water, terminated his earthly career early Thursday morning after an exhibition of stubborn viciousness which indicated to his owners that it would not be safe to retain him longer among their employees, or to exhibit him to their patrons. In 1877 he killed his keeper in England. But that was a big card for Barnum, and he purchased him. But his wickedness grew after he came to America, and strengthened with his strength. He has killed several men and injured others. On Wednesday he suddenly attacked the elephant Albert, without warning, and knocked him to the ground as they were being led to water. Newman, his keeper, secured him after a struggle, and had chained him in his place, when the big brute turned on him and gave him a grip with his trunk which almost squeezed the breath out of him, following up his attack by knocking several teeth out of his trainer's mouth, almost breaking his jaw, and stunning him completely. Forunately, Newman fell out of the animal's reach. Means were taken to punish him the next morning, and to bring him into subjection. Pilot was chained with his head to the wall, and he made a desperate struggle before being thrown. Fritz and Gipsy were crowded close up on either side, so that he could not turn to use his trunk, and attempts were made to get a noose around his fore feet. But as often as the rope was put on his feet he would reach down his trunk and tear it away. The keepers of the twenty other elephants each took up his station by the side of his particular charge to sooth them, lest Pilot's bellowing should start them into a panic. The unruly elephant resisted all efforts to throw him for three hours, and at last a rope was got around his trunk and over his tusks and another put about his fore feet. A score of men pulled on each rope, getting a purchase around a beam, and finally, after a desperate struggle, the huge beast was thrown to the ground, screaming with rage. With a crash that shook the building, although he was overcome he refused to give in and underwent his punishment with savage snorts. "He is a hopeless case," said Mr. Bailey," and it is really dangerous to keep him about any longer. You had better kill him." Accordingly, Col. Arstingstall procured a large, navy revolver, carrying a 45-calibre ball, and approached the head of the elephant, which was secured to a stanchion, and the beast made a desperate and savage attempt to break loose and reach him. Arstingstall placed the muzzle of the revolver close to Pilot's breast, between the front legs, and pulled the trigger. The brute never flinched. Then Col. Arstingstall shot him again in the same place, and again under the left eye, and Pilot died without any further struggle, and his bright but ugly spirit had fled.

MADE HIM SICK. The following is a boy's story of a bear's adventure among a flock of sheep.

"One day the bear he went among a flock of sheep and picked out a nice little lamb, and cot it, and the lamb it said ba-ba-ba, cause it knew it was going for to be et every little tiny bit up. But the bear took it up like a poor pet, like it was a baby, and set it up full length and rockt it and sed: 'There, there, never mind my precious darlin', where does it hurt ye?' But the lamb kept a hollerin louder and louder, cause while the bear was a smilin' and singin' a hush-a-buy he was a skaweezin it with his fore pos